

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1924.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

PRICE
THREEPENCE.
Stamped Edition, 4d.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—The NEXT ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held, under the Presidency of Sir C. LYELL, F.R.S., &c., at BATH, commencing on Wednesday, September 14. Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to the Local Secretaries at Bath: Mr. Moore, Esq., C. E. Davis, Esq., Rev. H. H. Winwood, or to the Assistant General Secretary, G. Griffith, Esq., Bath. Members and others who wish to obtain information about the Local arrangements are requested to communicate with the Local Secretaries at Bath.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—The THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, October 6. New Students must present themselves on the preceding Wednesday, and may enter for the whole or for any part of the Course.

The following are the subjects embraced in this Course:—The Articles of Religion, by the Rev. R. W. Jeff, D.D., Principal. Hebrew and the Exegesis of the Old Testament, by the Rev. S. Leathes, M.A., Professor, and the Rev. A. J. McCaul, Lecturer. Exegesis of the New Testament, by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Ecclesiastical History, by the Rev. Canon Robertson, M.A. Practical Theology, by the Rev. S. Cheetham, M.A., Professor. Vocal Music, by John Hullah, Esq., Professor. Public Reading, by the Rev. A. J. D. Murray, M.A., Lecturer. The Class of students for Admission to this Department, conducted by the Rev. Henry Jones, A.R.C., will reopen on the same day.

For information apply personally, or by letter marked outside "Prospectus," to J. W. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., Secretary.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. DEPARTMENT OF GENERAL LITERATURE and SCIENCE.

LECTURES, adapted for those who purpose to offer themselves for the Indian Civil Service, or to enter one of the Learned Professions, will COMMENCE on THURSDAY, October 6. New Students must present themselves on the preceding Tuesday.

Divinity—The Rev. the Principal; the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A.

Classical Literature—Professor, Rev. John Lonsdale, M.A.; Lecturers, Rev. J. J. Heywood, M.A., and C. S. Townsend, Esq. M.A.

Mathematics—Professor, Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Lecturer, Rev. T. A. Cook, M.A.; Assistant-Lecturer, Rev. W. Howse, M.A. English Language and Literature—Professor, the Rev. J. S. Brewer, M.A.

Modern History—Prof. C. H. Pearson, M.A. French—Professor, A. Mariette; and M. Stivenard, Lecturer. German—Professor, Dr. Buchner.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. ORIENTAL SECTION.

These LECTURES are specially intended for those who have to take the Second Examination for the Indian Civil Service, and will COMMENCE on THURSDAY, October 6.

Sanskrit, Indian History and Geography—Professor Fitz Edward Hall, M.A., D.C.L.

Persian, Telugu, and Hindustani—Professor Thomas Howley. Arabic—Professor Reinhold Roth, Ph.D.

Hindu Law and Indian Jurisprudence—Professor John D. Bell. Mahomedan Law—Professor James Stephen, Esq., LL.D.

English Law and Jurisprudence—James Stephen, Esq., LL.D. Political Economy—Rev. J. E. T. Rogers, M.A.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. DEPARTMENT OF APPLIED SCIENCES.

LECTURES COMMENCE OCTOBER 6. New Students must present themselves on the preceding Tuesday.

Divinity—The Rev. the Chaplain.

Mathematics—Professor, Rev. T. G. Hall, M.A.; Lecturer, the Rev. T. A. Cook, M.A.; Assistant-Lecturer, the Rev. W. Howse, M.A.

Natural Philosophy—Professor Maxwell, M.A.; Lecturer, W. G. Adams, Esq., M.A.

Arts of Construction—Professor Kerr. Manufacturing Art and Machinery—Professor Shelley.

Land Surveying and Levelling—H. J. Castle, Esq. Drawing—Professor Bradley; Lecturer, the Rev. J. Edgar.

Chemistry—Professors W. A. Miller, M.D., and C. L. Blomax. Geology and Mineralogy—Professor Tennant, F.R.S.

Workshop—G. A. Timme, Esq. Photography—George Dawson, Esq., M.A.

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KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. THE SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, September 20.

Pupils can be admitted to—

1. The Division of Classics, Mathematics, and General Literature, the studies in which are directed to prepare Pupils for the Universities, for the Theological, General Literature, and Medical Departments of King's College, and for the learned professions.

2. The Division of Modern Instruction, including Pupils intended for mercantile pursuits, for the Classes of Architecture and Engineering in King's College, for the Military Academies, for the Civil Service, for the Royal Navy, and for the Commercial Marine.

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BEDFORD COLLEGE (FOR LADIES), 47 and 48, BEDFORD-SQUARE.

The CLASSES will begin for the Session 1864-5, on THURSDAY, October 13th.

The SCHOOL for JUNIOR PUPILS above Eight Years of Age will RE-OPEN on THURSDAY, September 22nd.

A few Pupils received as BOARDERS.

Prospectuses may be had at the College.

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THE COMMITTEE of ADVICE nominated by HER MAJESTY are now prepared to receive DESIGNS, to be submitted to Her Majesty, for the SCOTTISH NATIONAL MEMORIAL to the PRINCE CONSORT, about to be erected in Edinburgh, or its immediate neighbourhood.

OF THE SITES which have been suggested for the MEMORIAL, the most eligible appear to be—

1. A knoll on the Spur or Ridge running N.E. from Arthur's Seat, and about 540 feet above the Sea.
2. West Princes-street-gardens, at the foot of Frederick-street or Castle-street.
3. East Side of Charlotte-square-garden, facing George-street.
4. The Queen's Park, in the immediate neighbourhood of Holyrood Palace.

The Committee, however, desire especially to direct the attention of Artists to the first-named of these Sites, which offers many advantages. A National Memorial in that commanding position would be seen by persons approaching Edinburgh at a greater distance, and from a wider circle, both of the city and the country than any other available situation.

At the same time, it is not desired absolutely to preclude the suggestion of any other Site which an Artist may consider specially suitable for his Design.

The amount of Funds at the disposal of the Committee for the erection of the Memorial is £2,000; and the Committee regret that they are therefore unable to offer premiums, or to remunerate any unsuccessful competitor for his design.

It is requested that all Models and Drawings, not already prepared, may be furnished on a scale of one inch to the foot.

No Design can be received after the Tenth day of DECEMBER.

W. S. WALKER, Honorary Secretary. 124, George-street, Edinburgh, 24 September, 1864.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, CHISWICK.

ON SATURDAY, September 17th, the CONSERVATORY at CHISWICK, containing the great collection of Trial Grapes, which are now in perfection, will be OPEN to the Public. Doors open at 12. Band at 3. Admission, 1s.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, CORK. SESSION 1864-65.

MATRICULATION and SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS.

ON TUESDAY, the 18th of OCTOBER next, at Ten o'clock, A.M., an EXAMINATION will be held for the MATRICULATION of STUDENTS in the FACULTIES of ARTS, MEDICINE, and LAW, and in the DEPARTMENTS of CIVIL ENGINEERING and AGRICULTURE.

THE EXAMINATIONS for Scholarships will commence on Thursday, the 23rd of October. The Council have the power of conferring at these Examinations, EIGHT SENIOR SCHOLARSHIPS of the value of 40l. each, viz.:—SEVEN in the Faculty of Arts, and ONE in the Faculty of Law; and FORTY-SIX JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS, viz.:—FIFTEEN in Literature, and FIFTEEN in Science, of the value of 24l. each; EIGHT in Medicine, of the value of 24l. each; THREE in Law, and FIVE in Civil Engineering, of the value of 20l. each; to Fifteen of which first-year Students are eligible.

Prospectuses, containing full information as to the subjects of the Examinations, &c., may be had on application to the Registrar.

By order of the President, ROBERT J. KENNY, Registrar.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

THE WINTER SESSION, 1864-65, will COMMENCE on SATURDAY, Oct. 1st, at 8 o'clock P.M., with an Introductory Address by Mr. TOYNBEE, F.R.S.

At this Hospital the Medical Appointments, including five House-Surgeons, the annual value of each of whom is 100l. in Scholarships of 50l. each, are open to the Pupils without additional fee. To enter, obtain Prospectus, and for other information apply to ERNEST HART, Dean of the School.

HYDE PARK COLLEGE FOR LADIES.

115, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park.—THE JUNIOR TERM begins September 16th.—THE SENIOR TERM, November 1st.

Prospectuses containing Terms and Names of Professors may be had on application.

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During the Session, 1864-5, which will COMMENCE on the 3rd of OCTOBER, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry—By A. W. Hofmann, LL.D. F.R.S., &c.
2. Metallurgy—By John Percy, M.A. F.R.S.
3. Natural History—By T. H. Huxley, F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy—By W. W. Warrington, M.A. F.R.S.
5. Mining—By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
6. Geology—By A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanism—By Robert Willis, M.A. F.R.S.
8. Physics—By John Tyndall, F.R.S.

Instruction in Mechanical Drawing, by the Rev. J. Haythorne Edgar, M.A.

The Fee for Students desirous of becoming Associates is 30l. in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of 20l., exclusive of the Laboratory.

Pupils are received in the Royal College of Chemistry (the Laboratory of the School, under the direction of Dr. Hofmann, and in the Metallurgical Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. Percy. Tickets to separate Course of Lectures are issued at 3d. and 4d. each.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices.

Certificated Schoolmasters, Pupil-Teachers, and others engaged in Education, are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has granted Two Scholarships, and several others have also been established.

For a Prospectus and information, apply at the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, London, S.W.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

RAY SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the RAY SOCIETY will be held at BATH, on FRIDAY, September 16th, at Three P.M.

J. GWYN JEFFREYS, Esq. F.R.S., in the Chair.

H. T. STANTON, Secretary.

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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON MATRICULATION, January, 1865; and Cambridge Local Examinations, December, 1864. The Rev. WILLIAM KIRKUS, LL.B. and the Rev. E. MAY DAVIS, B.A., PREPARE CANDIDATES for the above EXAMINATIONS.—Candidates also thoroughly prepared for the Civil Service and Oxford Local VACANCY for TWO BOARDERS.—Apply to the Rev. W. KIRKUS, Hackney, N.E.

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NEWSPAPER

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II. TODDLEBEN'S HISTORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.
III. NEWMAN'S APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA.
IV. EDUCATION AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
V. RUSSIA UNDER ALEXANDER II.
VI. THE SCOTCH LAWYER OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.
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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

LITERATURE

Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini. Vol. I. —Autobiographical and Political. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Signor Mazzini has been, for years, the best abused man in Europe. He has the misfortune to be a republican; and, as if in illustration of Napoleon's remark, that seems quite enough to turn a great many other people into Cossacks, at the mere mention of his name. This, to some extent, was shown in our own House of Commons lately, when a young, able and eloquent servant of the state made a hundred sudden foes by proclaiming himself Mazzini's friend. In the domain of politics, it too often happens that names and nicknames, words and watchwords, are accepted in place of facts, and it is so much easier to do a great deal of wrong on the surface of things than to penetrate to the real truth, and ascertain the right which may underlie appearances. We should not dream of going to our House of Commons, enlightened as it is, for the true character of a man like Signor Mazzini. He will appear better in history than in life. Such a man's chance is greater in the literary than the political arena. We are somewhat calmer; we can afford to be fairer. We remember that a great Englishman, named John Milton, was a republican. We know that another English republican, Algernon Sidney, was a political exile. These men had no justice from politicians in their own day. They appealed to letters, and in literature their names became immortal. It is before a literary tribunal that Signor Mazzini now lays the facts of his public life.

According to his enemies this man answers to the description of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' passing "like night from land to land," and laying hands on any enthusiastic youth he may meet; holding him with his glittering eye whilst he tells his strange story, and, at parting, placing a poisoned dagger in the hand of the youth, and pointing out the despot in whom the dagger is to find a sheath. He is an ominous thing of darkness, like the Miltonic eclipse, perplexing monarchs with fear of change—the red spectre of revolution—the stormy petrel that heralds the tempest, and shrieks for joy as the tide of destruction comes rising, rolling in. On the other hand, his friends tell you that he has been as the dawn of a better day for Italy. Around no modern name have opposing hosts rushed to battle with a fiercer zeal. Many are the martyrs who have gone to death proudly shouting this name coupled with that of their beloved Italy. All who have known the man in our country think nobly of him, and better of Italy for Signor Mazzini's sake. In truth, we believe it was personal respect for him which kept alive hope and effort for his country when times were dark enough to make the English friends of Italy despair for the cause they had at heart. Some of those who have known Signor Mazzini best,—and these are not French policemen, but English gentlemen,—are only too glad of an opportunity for testifying, with Mr. Carlyle, that the calumniated exile is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind.

In our opinion it is not too great a thing to say that Signor Mazzini has done as much for the regeneration and unification of Italy as his more famous compeer, General Garibaldi, although it is not so easy to sum his work. All the world can appreciate the man of action who does the great deed and sets it shining in the dazzle of

a great renown. His victory is visible; we can see the work done. It is different with the man of thought, whose greatest labour is accomplished in the dark; who is compelled to work in secret, and keep himself as well as his doings out of sight. The man of thought spends himself in giving rootage to that new life which is destined to burst into full flower in the victories of a man of action like Garibaldi. The many can appreciate the glory of the flower, only the few think of the rootage taken in the dark. Yet Signor Mazzini is to the thinking few just what General Garibaldi is to the unthinking many.

Signor Mazzini was the first Italian of modern times who saw that his country had a great future of new life before her. He was one of the first to perceive that it was only sleep, not death, which kept his country in her grave-clothes,—the first who had sufficient faith to believe that she would wake and rise erect and become a free nation. When most others despaired, or became sceptical, he had faith that under the ruins of the past, there were springs of new life in the land. He felt that, however effete the upper classes might be, however helpless the *doctrinaires*, there was still something sound in the heart of the people; healthy blood enough to renew the whole body. He was the first man in whom the idea of Italian unity became incarnate. He saw and proclaimed the means of Italy's redemption, and devoted his life to the attainment of that end. Through years of suffering has he done desperate and determined battle for his idea, given up friends and country and all the kindly comforts of home, claspings to his heart a duty which to most men would be drear and cold as a stone statue; fighting on from defeat to defeat, or sternly biding his time in forced and desperate calm. For thirty years he was the banner-bearer and leader of the forlorn hope for the unity of Italy, before the flag waved out so triumphantly in the grasp of Garibaldi. The successful fighter comes to remodel a country and alter the map of Europe, but the exiled thinker marshalled the forces and even sketched the plans of attack. It was Mazzini's thought that leaped out in Garibaldi's deed; and it must have been a proud moment for the thinker when the victor came to say how much he owed to the lonely exile—making his way gently through the vast crowds that embraced him so lovingly, and, with the world's eyes on him, he went to pay his tribute to Mazzini, own how much he owed to his teaching, and track the unity of Italy back to an almost forgotten source.

It is now some forty-three years since Mazzini, then a boy, was walking one day in the Strada Nuova of Genoa, with his mother and an old friend of the family, when they were stopped by a tall black-bearded man, with a stern countenance and a flaming eye, who held out towards them a white handkerchief, merely saying, "For the refugees." The Piedmontese insurrection had just been crushed, and the wrecks of it, the revolutionists, came drifting to Genoa by sea. Henceforth the boy was haunted by the thought of these men; and he used to search them out and detect them by their appearance, their dress, their warlike air, or by the signs of deep and silent sorrow on their faces. He would have given anything to follow them; and they awoke in him those dim yearnings which in after years caused him to follow their footsteps, visibly printed in blood, along the path to martyrdom. He began to study the history of their struggle, and fathom the causes of its failure, until at length he fancied he had

found out how the obstacles might have been conquered; for boyhood supplies wings to surmount all obstacles. He thought and thought, became sombre and absorbed, and appeared to have suddenly grown old. Childishly enough, he determined to dress always in black, fancying himself in mourning for his country.

Signor Mazzini's early tendencies and aspirations were towards literature. Visions of historical dramas and romances had floated before his mind's eye; poetic and artistic images had wooed and caressed his spirit, but his long broodings over the condition of his country led him to consecrate himself to sterner patriotic work. He looked upon life as being more than literature, and felt convinced that a free country and a noble national life must precede any real vital Art, any worthy Literature. He did not care to lend an artistic hand towards decorating a grave, by flinging a few flowers to wither there; so he renounced all thought of a literary career and struck into the rockier paths of political action. This, he tells us, was his first great sacrifice. It was his pen, however, that first drew attention to his name. He soon became a member of the Carbonari, although no great admirer of their complex symbolism and hierarchical mysteries.

So terrified, he says, were the governments of that day at the revival of any memories calculated to make Italians think less meanly of themselves, that they would have abolished history itself if it had been in their power. He visited Guerrazzi, then confined at Montepulciano for the offence of having recited a few solemn pages in praise of a brave Italian soldier. The eye of authority was soon fixed upon the young Mazzini, and he was speedily within four prison walls, contriving to correspond with his friends through the help of a little pencil which he had found betwixt his teeth when eating the food sent to him from home. When his father asked what the son was accused of, he was told that the time had not arrived for answering that question, but that his son was a young man of talent, very fond of solitary walks by night, and habitually silent as to the subject of his meditations, and that the government was not fond of young men of talent the subject of whose musings was unknown to it.

It was in his little prison-cell at Savona, up in a tower, suspended betwixt sea and sky, that Mazzini got his first glimpse of a great future for Italy. Looking through those prison-bars, the first immature conception of Italian Unity and the mission of his country inspired him with a mighty hope, that flashed before his spirit like a star. It was then he saw the possibility of a regenerate Italy becoming the missionary of a religion of progress, unity and brotherhood, far grander and vaster than any that she has given to humanity in the past. A new Italy with a new Rome at its head, giving a new life to her people; a new word to our world! The prison-walls faded away, but the dream stayed, and the morning star of the patriot's life that rose so large and beautiful still shines on as the evening star of the Exile's later day. He says, "If ever—though I may not think it—I should live to see Italy One, and to pass one year of solitude in some corner of my own land or of this land where I now write, and which affection has rendered a second country to me, I shall endeavour to develop and reduce the consequences which flow from that idea, and which are of far greater importance than most men believe."

Signor Mazzini found it was poor work trying to strike a spark of life out of Carbonarism. His acquaintance with Italian exiles in France

made him feel sad and dispirited to find how they were always looking for external help, always expecting the great deliverance of one nation to come from another, instead of believing that each must work out its own. The Carbonari, he says, were mere sectarians, not the apostles of a national religion. Intellectually, they were materialist and Macchia-vellian. The ardour and energy of youth were intrusted to the direction of cold precisionists, who had neither faith nor future. When the time came for action on a national scale, they felt the want of a sufficient bond of unity, and, not having a principle on which to found it, they were always seeking for a prince. With leaders like these, the Italian people, however ready to be led, never knew where they were going! Signor Mazzini determined on starting his Society of Young Italy. He believed that the salvation of his country lay with the youth of it who would act, and not with a "class of old-fashioned conspirators, who would diplomate on the edge of the grave." Nationality was to be the soul of his enterprise, and Young Italy was to work for the nation's redemption, not be taught to look for it elsewhere. It is true that Signor Mazzini placed the Republic as a symbol beside the Unity of Italy on his banner. He did not then, and, he tells us, does not now, believe that the salvation of Italy can be accomplished by monarchy. "All that the Piedmontese monarchy can give us, even if it can give so much, will be an Italy shorn of provinces which ever were, are, and will be Italian, though yielded up to foreign domination in payment of the services rendered; an Italy the abject slave of French policy, dishonoured by her alliance with despotism, weak, corrupted, and disinherited of all moral mission, and bearing within her the germs of provincial autonomy and civil war."

Signor Mazzini had to begin his work, as he has had to continue it, in exile. He had to erect on a foreign shore his battery, wherewith he pounded the enemies of his own land who were in possession. This was to fight at an immense disadvantage. He was compelled to be an invisible leader of men; a man of action almost shut up, far away from the scene, in a realm of thought, and driven to work by subterranean means to the place where he ought to have been openly in person; often doomed to marshal his forces, plan the battle, and stand aloof to watch the failure, because he was an exile.

In spite of all difficulties, however, Young Italy was a success. Young men with souls virgin of interest or greed, full of faith and chivalrous self-sacrifice, gathered round the young chief, and they did a notable work. They sowed some imperishable seed, and watered it lavishly with their blood. They gave martyrs to their cause. And there is a time in the history of enslaved nations when martyrs are not to be despised, however these may be sneered at in later days. At least they enhance the value of land, patriotically, by making some portions of the soil sacred, and they leave an influence that works on in the minds of men long after they are gone.

Signor Mazzini declares, "I never saw any nucleus of young men so devoted, capable of such strong mutual affection, such pure enthusiasm, and such readiness in daily, hourly toil, as were those who then laboured with me." Their battery—the Press—was set up at Marseilles, and Signor Mazzini's writings had to be smuggled into Italy, sometimes inside barrels of pumice-stone, and even of pitch. The little band baffled their pursuers and persecutors as they best could, in many ingenious ways. Then, says Signor Mazzini, "there began for me the life I have

led for twenty out of thirty years—a life of voluntary imprisonment within the four walls of a little room. They failed to discover me. The means by which I eluded search; the double spies who, for a trifling sum of money, performed the same service for the prefect and for me—sending me copies of every order issued by the authorities against me; the comic manner in which, when my asylum was at last discovered, I succeeded in persuading the prefect to send me away quietly, under the escort of his own agents, in order to avoid all scandal and disturbance, and in substituting and sending to Geneva in my place a friend who bore a personal resemblance to me, whilst I walked quietly through the whole row of police-officers dressed in the uniform of a national guard;—it were useless to relate in these pages, written, not for the satisfaction of the curiosity of the idle reader, but simply to furnish such historical information or examples as may be of service to my country."

In the year 1832, a certain Emiliani had been attacked and wounded in the streets of Rodez, in the department of L'Aveyron, by some Italian exiles. The men who wounded him were sentenced to five years' imprisonment. In the year following, on the 31st of May, this Emiliani and another person, both being spies of the Duke of Modena, were mortally wounded by a young exile of 1831, named Gavioli. At the time this deed was done, Signor Mazzini avers that he had never heard of the existence of these men; their aggressors were equally unknown to him. He had nothing whatever to do with the affair. Nevertheless he was charged with it, as leader of Young Italy, and the *Moniteur* published the sentence of a secret tribunal with Signor Mazzini's name as President and Secretary. This is noticeable as the first calumny pinned with a dagger to his name. At a later period, in 1845, Signor Mazzini reminds us, an English Minister, Sir James Graham, who had revived the calumny, was compelled by the information he received from the magistrates of L'Aveyron, to ask Signor Mazzini's pardon in Parliament. But it was a lie that took a good deal of killing, even if it be dead yet!

"Young Italy" was enthusiastically received by some who have since been at enmity with it and its originators. Gioberti chanted to it a sort of hymn of welcome.

There are working men, says Signor Mazzini, yet living in Bologna, who well remember Farini loudly preaching massacre in their meetings, and his habit of turning up his coat-sleeves to his elbow, saying—"My lads! we must bathe our arms in blood." Signor Mazzini writes a letter to Frederick Campanella concerning Signor Gallenga, well known as a writer on Italy; not so well known as the would-be assassin of the King, Charles Albert:—

"Towards the close of 1833, a short time before the expedition of Savoy, a young man quite unknown to me presented himself one evening at the *Hôtel de la Navigation* in Geneva. He was the bearer of a letter from L. A. Melegari, enthusiastically recommending him to me as a friend of his who was determined upon the accomplishment of a great act, and wished to come to an understanding with me. This young man was Antonio Gallenga. He had just arrived from Corsica, and was a member of *Young Italy*. 'He told me that from the moment when the proscription began, he had decided to avenge the blood of his brothers, and teach tyrants once for all that crime is followed by expiation; that he felt himself called upon to destroy Charles Albert, the traitor of 1821, and the executioner of his brothers; and he had nourished this idea in the solitudes of Corsica until it had obtained a gigantic power over him, and become stronger than himself; and much more in the same strain. I objected, as I have always done in similar cases. I argued

with him, putting before him everything calculated to dissuade him. I said that I considered Charles Albert deserving of death, but that his death would not save Italy. I said that the man who assumed a mission of expiation must know himself pure from every thought of vengeance, or of any other motive than the mission itself. He must know himself capable of folding his arms and giving himself up as a victim after the execution of the deed, and that anyhow the deed would cost him his life, and he must be prepared to be stigmatized by mankind as an assassin. And so on for a long while. He answered all I said, and his eyes flashed as he spoke. He cared nothing for life; when he had done the deed, he would not stir a step, but would shout *Viva l'Italia*, and await his fate—tyrants were grown too bold, because secure in the cowardice of others—it was time to break the spell, and he felt himself called to do so. He had kept a portrait of Charles Albert in his room, and gazed upon it until he was more than ever dominated by the idea. He ended by persuading me that he really was one of those beings whom, from the days of Harmodius to our own, Providence has sent amongst us from time to time to teach tyrants that their fate is in the hands of a single man. And I asked him what he wanted with me—A passport and a little money. I gave him a thousand francs, and told him that he could have a passport in Ticino. Until then he did not even know that the mother of Jacopo Ruffini was in Geneva and in the same hotel. Gallenga remained there that night and part of the next day. He dined with Madame Ruffini and me, but not a word passed between the two. I allowed her to remain in ignorance of his intentions. She was habitually silent from grief, and hardly ever spoke. During the hours we passed together, I suspected that he was actuated by an excessive desire of renown rather than by any sense of an expiatory mission. He continually reminded me that since the days of Lorenzo de' Medici no such deed had been performed, and begged me to write a few words explanatory of his motives after his death. He departed and crossed the St. Gothard, whence he sent me a few lines full of enthusiasm. He had prostrated himself on the Alps, and renewed his oath to Italy to perform the deed. In Ticino he received a passport bearing the name of Mariotti. When he reached Turin he had an interview with a member of the association, whose name he had had from me. His offer was accepted, and measures were taken. The deed was to be done in a long corridor at the court, through which the king passed every Sunday on his way to the royal chapel. The privilege of entering this corridor to see the king pass was granted to a few persons, who were admitted by tickets. The committee procured one of these tickets. Gallenga went with it unarmed to study the locality. He saw the king, and felt more determined than ever—at least he said so. It was decided that the blow should be struck on the following Sunday. Then it was that, fearful of obtaining a weapon in Turin, a member of the committee named Sciandra, since dead, came to me at Geneva to ask me to give them a weapon, and tell them that the day was fixed. A little dagger with a lapis lazuli handle, a gift, and very dear to me, was lying on my table. I pointed to it, Sciandra took it and departed. Meanwhile, as I did not consider this act as any part of the insurrectionary work upon which I was engaged, and in no way counted upon it, I sent a certain Angelini, one of our party, to Turin, upon business connected with the association, under another name. Angelini, knowing nothing of Gallenga or the affair, happened to take a lodging in the same street where he lodged. Shortly afterwards having, through some imprudence, awakened the suspicions of the police, he was returning one night to his lodging, when he perceived that the house was surrounded by carabinieri. He passed on, and succeeded in escaping to a place of safety. But the committee, knowing nothing about Angelini, and seeing the carabinieri at only two doors' distance from the house of the regicide, supposed that the government had information of the scheme, and were in search of Gallenga. They therefore caused him to leave the city, and sent him to a country-house some distance from Turin, telling him that the

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attempt could not be made on the next Sunday, but that if all things remained quiet they would send for him on one of the Sundays following. A few Sundays after they did send for him, but he was nowhere to be found."

The first volume of Signor Mazzini's works ends with the memorable march of the exiles into Savoy, under Ramorino, in the year 1834.

The Married Life of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, Mother of Louis XIV. And Don Sebastian, King of Portugal. Historical Studies. From numerous unpublished Sources, including MS. Documents in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and the Archives of Spain and Portugal. By Martha Walker Freer. 2 vols. (Tinsley Brothers.)

THE Spanish Princess who is known to history as Anne of Austria, and who married Louis the Thirteenth, the son of Henri Quatre, was not one of those ladies who are fortunate enough to have no history. She had the ill luck to marry a young prince who could be very amiable, but who never—at all events, very rarely—descended to be so. As prince or king, he manifested so little conjugal devotion towards his wife, that when an heir to the throne was announced as a personage whose arrival might be looked for on earth,—that is, in France, which was "all the same," in those days,—people raised their eyebrows, or smiled, or whispered, or made epigrams in the *Ruelles*,—those delightful Scandal Alleys, between the bed and the wall of the alcoves in which Scandal never slept. It was the hard, or perhaps tolerable, if not pleasant, fate of Anne to be loved by a considerable number of eminent men, and to be very little cared for by her husband, who was eminent for nothing save wayward humour, and idleness, and spite against the men who, by transacting his affairs, became his masters, and treachery against the tools or dupes whose efforts to overthrow those masters he sanctioned and whom he betrayed, and then wept, like an angry schoolboy, that the efforts had failed, and that he had cut off the heads of those who had served him. Louis was by no means a husband for whom a wife, who respected herself, could entertain great warmth of attachment; but France afterwards saw more generally blamable and more particularly faithless married kings than he. To the wife whom he neglected, Cardinal Richelieu rendered the homage of a love-sick Sganarelle in a farce. He descended to buffoonery, in order, as he thought, to gratify her desire for burlesque amusement; and he was laughed at for his pains. The laugh was the most costly enjoyment ever purchased by lady, for it cost her the allegiance of a man whose enmity was death, or all but death. For Anne of Austria the brilliant and unscrupulous Buckingham affected a passion which he probably did not feel. Such affectations were part of the properties of every fine gentleman of the period, and in the employment of them he was often more concerned for his own reputation, as an irresistible lover, than interested for that of the lady as an honest woman. The impertinence of Buckingham undoubtedly gave great offence; but there was another foremost man of those brilliant and critical times, whose homage is said to have been far more acceptable to Anne, namely, that of Cardinal Mazarin. At the birth of the Prince who was afterwards Louis the Fourteenth, it was said, by very scandalous people, that the young stranger bore a resemblance rather to the Mazarin than to the Bourbon family; and when Mazarin, after Anne's widowhood, acted in the capacity of her nearest friend and most confidential agent, those same people said they were married, and showered

down epigrams upon the union of such a couple. Of the legitimacy of Anne's second son, Philippe of Orleans, there never was any question; and the late King Louis-Philippe used to thank Heaven that *his* line was unsuspected.

Anne's marriage with Louis indicated the change that had come upon the councils of France after the death of Henri Quatre. He would never listen to an alliance with Spain, nor rest from his desire to break the power of Austria. After he had passed away, the Franco-Spanish alliance was connected by a double marriage, and no permanent advantages ensued to either party from the connexion. Richelieu was more concerned with breaking the feudal power of the French nobility than with humiliating Austria, though he was not blind to the foreign interests of France. He succeeded in breaking the power alluded to; and if Louis the Thirteenth was not altogether the King of France that Richelieu had given him the opportunity of being, he only waywardly neglected to enjoy the absolute authority which his son inherited and exercised as a matter of course.

Madame de Motteville has made us familiar with the interior of the French Court at which she was so observant a lady-in-waiting, and Alfred de Vigny has graphically described it in a story of one of its episodes, the conspiracy of Cinq Mars. De Vigny, like Mr. G. P. R. James, has perverted history for the sake of romantic effect; and some amusement, and no little instruction, may be had by comparing Madame de Motteville's records with the colouring given to them by the romancers. The time in which Anne of Austria lived has had other illustrators, and we have the latest of them in Miss Freer, who modestly calls her work a "study," but who, in the volumes before us, has unquestionably produced the most interesting chronicle that she has yet published for the pleasure of her readers.

Perhaps the best example we can give of the style and manner in which these volumes are written, as well as of one of the phases in the character of the Queen, is by extracting details which form a story in themselves. Anne of Austria had been playing with conspiracy, more against the Cardinal than the King, or France, and had carried on a correspondence with foreigners, of which Walter Montague, the second son of the first Earl of Manchester, but not yet a convert to Roman Catholicism, was the bearer:—

"Walter Montague, as has before been related, had been charged with the perilous office of carrying the correspondence, and the replies returned by the English Court, to Madame de Chevreuse. Through his spies Richelieu learned that suspicious circumstances were attached to the frequent journeys to and from Nancy, made by the young Englishman; and that the letters he was known to carry were probably of more momentous import than effusions sent by the English admirers of the Duchess. A warrant was thereupon issued for the detention of Montague, which was delivered for execution to the Marquis de Bourbonne, who arrested him on the frontiers of Lorraine, and conveyed him a prisoner to the neighbouring castle of Coissey. His papers were seized and despatched to Paris. The fact of the arrest of Montague was communicated to the Queen as Her Majesty was supping in public. Anne turned deadly pale, and pushed the dishes from before her as they were presented; then rising, at the conclusion of the repast, she retired to her private apartments. Her distress and consternation appear to have been extreme; it was possible that Montague's papers might again fatally compromise her position—at any rate, she dreaded lest the examination of the prisoner would reveal her own guilty knowledge of the design forming for the invasion of France. Her perturbation was increased by the arrival, a few hours later, of a

note from Madame de Chevreuse, written in wild alarm, apprising Her Majesty of the arrest of Montague, but professing total ignorance as to the nature of the despatches and letters of which he was the bearer. Anne spent the night and part of the following day weeping in her oratory alone with Madame de Fargis, devising means for communicating with Montague, in order to discover what the confiscated papers contained. The sympathy of Madame de Fargis at this juncture elicited the Queen's entire confidence: with all her wilful perversity and dissimulation there was, at any crisis, a touching helplessness and grief in Anne's aspect, which usually proved irresistible in evoking the best energies of her adherents. Her friends felt themselves honoured by the outward abandonment, on the part of their royal mistress, of the distance imposed by her rank, by her *naïve* appeals to their sympathy, and by her admissions that, abandoned by their help, she esteemed herself lost. Through the Cardinal de Berulle, Madame de Fargis discovered that the prisoner Montague was to be immediately escorted to the Bastille, and that certain regiments of the royal guards were already selected to proceed to Coissey on the morrow. In one of these regiments the Queen suddenly remembered that her faithful La Porte had been drafted as a soldier after his dismissal from her service, on the return of the court from Amiens. Her Majesty, therefore, applied to M. Lavaux, who was intimate with La Porte, and the father of one of her dressers, to bring the latter to the Louvre at midnight, when she would confer with him secretly in her oratory. To such clandestine and undignified interviews Anne was driven, to hide the miserable intrigues from which she could not refrain. Anne seems always to have taken the opportunity to cabal when her adopted country was in straits and needed loyal devotion. At this period France was menaced abroad by the arms of England, Spain, Savoy, and Lorraine—the Emperor Ferdinand defied her power, and, in spite of earnest expostulations, was proceeding to ruin and dethrone the French prince, whom the rights of primogeniture had placed on the dual throne of Mantua. At home civil war menaced the realm; the Huguenots were utterly disaffected and malcontent, and the heir-presumptive to the throne threatened to league with rebels against whom he had accepted a command. Monsieur had suddenly retired from the camp before La Rochelle on the arrival there of the King. He stated in excuse that Louis had promised him the command in chief, which engagement was annulled by the royal presence; moreover, that the continued opposition made to his marriage with Marie de Gonzague convinced him that 'their Majesties never had his welfare and happiness at heart.' At court the Queen-mother was involved in violent dissensions with the Cardinal minister respecting the Lord-Keeper Marillac, whom Richelieu wished to supersede in the ministry in favour of the more able De Châteauneuf. Such was the position of affairs when Queen Anne joined in the correspondence of the Duchesse de Chevreuse with the foes of France. This incident in the troubled career of the Queen would probably have escaped record but for the pen of La Porte. It does not appear that at this period any correspondence injurious to Anne fell into the hands of the King. Richelieu probably did suspect, and acted on his suspicion; but proof of Anne's misdemeanour failed him; and it was ever the policy of the Cardinal 'never to accuse without he could likewise stab.' 'The news of the arrestation of my Lord Montague threw the Queen into a strange fright,' records La Porte; 'she dreaded lest her name might be compromised by the papers taken from Montague, which, if such a fact had been laid before the King, with whom she was not then on good terms, His Majesty might ill-treat her, and send her back to Spain, as he would most assuredly have done. This fear so greatly disquieted Her Majesty, that she could neither eat nor sleep. She was in this quandary when Her Majesty suddenly remembered that I was a soldier of one of the regiments chosen for the escort of my lord. She therefore inquired of Lavaux where I could be found; he looked me up, and conducted me at midnight to the Queen's chamber, after every per-

son had retired. Her Majesty explained to me her trouble, adding, that having no person whom she could trust, she had sent for me, believing that I should serve her with devotion. She said that on the report which I was to bring her depended her worldly salvation and honour. The Queen then explained her desire; and directed me to take the opportunity when I was on guard near to the person of the said prisoner Montague, to ask him whether in the papers taken from him Her Majesty was named? Also, if it should happen, as it was certain to befall, that when in the Bastille he should be subjected to severe interrogatories, and pressed to reveal all the accomplices in the intended league, I was to pray, and admonish earnestly the said my lord, not to name Her Majesty. I succeeded in informing Montague of the distress of the Queen; and he replied, "That Her Majesty might rest tranquil; for that he believed she was not named directly, or indirectly, in any of the letters and despatches taken from him; also, he assured me I might tell the Queen, "that he would rather die than reveal, or say anything that could injure her." When I delivered this reply, the Queen actually trembled for joy!" writes La Porte. Anne escaped this time with the fright. The young 'my lord' was subjected to no examination of consequence in the Bastille, and was simply detained there until the peace with England, concluded in 1629; when, out of deference to the clamour of the Duke of Lorraine, 'the ambassador accredited to his court' was conducted under escort to the frontiers of the Duchy, and there released."

In the Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, under the date March, 1631, which was soon after Montague's release, we find record of a warrant for payment "to Walter Montague 1,100*l.*, for His Majesty's secret service in France"; and of a second for payment of "400*l.* for his charges in his journey into France, on the King's service." In the "study" of Don Sebastian, the author has added a very attractive picture, full of romance even in its reality, touching that wilful King of Portugal who was slain in battle, but in whose existence in some enchanted circle there are old people who even yet believe.

The Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed.
With a Memoir by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge. 2 vols. (Moxon & Co.)

YEARS after American publishers had with some pains collected from English magazines and annuals the scattered poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, surviving friends at home have at last fulfilled a promise long made, and have given to the library of English verse two volumes in which the remains of a brilliant man are collected. It is possible that these may arrive, if not finally too late, at a time when the world of poetical readers is less disposed to receive them than it might have been fifteen years ago. The fashions of taste have undergone a signal change since 'The Red Fisherman,' and 'The Troubadour,' and 'The Legend of the Drachenfels' were written. An easy and natural style is now exposed to the chances of being misrepresented as shallow and flimsy. Clearness is eyed with a certain suspicion. Were the gain in true thought, in suggestive allusion, in depth of music, in richness and originality of fancy, all that a superficial reader might be disposed to conceive, we might acquiesce less unwillingly in a fickleness, even though it be not altogether clear of heartlessness. But such gain is less than the transcendentalists fancy. The old combinations are essentially none the newer because they are incumbered with obscure phraseology, so difficult sometimes to understand as to raise the question how far the author himself is in his own secret. It would be difficult, again, in these days to match in distinct originality such a company of poets as Scott, Byron, Moore, Southey, Crabbe,—if, for the

sake of exact illustration, we reject from the list such men as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, to whom the present generation owes more than to the five great artists just named.

Praed cannot be placed in the first rank, but he was something far beyond a trifle. Those who read, and while they read can clear their minds of to-day's jargon, will discern in his lyrics not only a manner but a mind of their own. The coxcombrity of youth and high spirits is clearly manifest; but what man of mark has ever existed, unless he be an adust, plodding scholar, that at some time or other has not been a coxcomb? Did not our Iron Duke in his salad days belong to the fops who went "quizzing on the Green" in Dublin, playing with a bandalore, now an obsolete toy? Have we not been told by Mdle. Cochelet that the archimage of diplomacy, the wonderful Metternich, was best known when a young man for teaching the flower-language to ladies? Perhaps, among poets, Scott is the exception proving the rule, being in his youth, as in his age, single-hearted and unaffected—neither making himself interesting, like Byron, by submitting to, if he did not encourage, the reputation of one deep in mysterious adventure and passionate crime—nor astounding Orthodoxy, as did no less orthodox a man than Southey, by beginning life in the strange dress of Pantisocracy. Not however further to pursue the question how far coxcombrity in youth "is natural," as some author says, "as a feather in the cap," Praed's poems make it evident that the charge is applicable to him. Even the loneliness of a rejected suitor pranks itself out gaily as paraded by him:—

LORD ROLAND.

Lord Roland rose, and went to mass,
And doffed his mourning weed!
And bade them bring a looking-glass,
And saddle fast a steed;
"I'll deck with gems my bonnet's loop,
And wear a feather fine,
And when I loathers sit and droop
Why I will sit and dine!
Sing merrily, sing merrily,
And fill the cup of wine!
Though Elgitha be thus untrue,
Adle is beauteous yet;
And he that's baffled by the blue
May bow before the jet;
So welcome—welcome hall or heath!
So welcome shower or shine!
And whither there, thou willow wreath,
Thou never shalt be mine!
Sing merrily, sing merrily,
And fill the cup of wine!
Proud Elgitha! a health to thee,—
A health in brimming gold!
And store of lovers after me,
As honest, and less cold:
My hand is on my bugle horn,
My boat is on the brine;
If ever gallant died of scorn,
I shall not die of thine!
Sing merrily, sing merrily!
And fill the cup of wine!"

That a pleasant lightness of heart and sweetness of temper enhance the music of this capital song few will question. The same will be found in his better (probably his best) known poem, 'The Vicar,'—in every line thrown off from his pen. This is especially noticeable in his "*vers de société*," to use the untranslatable French term, which stand next to Moore's, having a distinct manner of their own the while. Let them be compared, by any one interested in nicety of definition, with the rhymes of William Spencer, which had, at one time, their public (and whose 'Too late I stayed' deserves to live in the English song-book), let them be measured against the slight and showy prettinesses of Haynes Bayly—now all "dead and gone,"—or the songs, fewer in number (including, however, 'Pretty Sophy'), left by Horace Twiss,—or, to step back to an example taken from an entirely different world, let them be tried against the

innocent and feeble verses written for "Sister Ann" and "Mary" by the translator of Homer and author of 'The Task,'—and we shall come to something like a more cordial appreciation of their writer's pith and power than it might have at first been thought we should reach. They are not without touches of that deep feeling which in Hood is often to be felt as flowing through the strain in undercurrent, even when the theme is professedly grotesque. They have even more Horatian ease than Thackeray's best legacies to the world of lyrics. In his mastery over alliteration (which has a good deal to do with music) and over epithet (which has as much concern with meaning) Praed has not been often exceeded.

It is not by accident that, in dealing with the poems, we have first dwelt on what may seem their slighter and more ephemeral characteristics. But, truth to say, the trifler and the humourist pervaded every line of verse that Praed wrote. With less sweetness of heart, he might have made a respectable figure in the family of *Mephistopheles*; as it was, he merely figures as a first-class singer in the choir led by *Whistcraft*. We must prove this by a rather long extract from his longest poem, 'The Troubadour,' even at the risk of therein citing a couple of songs, familiar as 'Home, sweet home' to scores of singers, who yet (so capricious is fame!) could not name their author:—

But those sweet sounds are doubly sweet
In the still nights of June,
When song and silence seem to meet
Beneath the quiet moon;
When not a single leaf is stirred
By playful breeze or joyous bird,
And Echo shrinks, as if afraid
Of the faint murmur she has made.
Oh then the Spirit of music roves
With a delicate step through the myrtle groves,
And still, wherever he flits, he flings
A thousand charms from his purple wings.
And where is that discourteous night,
Who would not linger through the night,
Listening ever, lone and mute,
To the murmur of his mistress' lute,
And courting those bright phantasies,
Which haunt the dreams of waking eyes?

He came that night, the Troubadour,
While the four fat friars slept secure,
And gazed on the lamp that sweetly glistened,
Where he thought his mistress listened;
Low and clear the silver note
On the thrilled air seemed to float;
Such might be an angel's moan,
Half a whisper, half a tone.

"So glad a life was never, love,
As that which childhood leads,
Before it learns to sever, love,
The roses from the weeds;
When to be very devious, love,
Is all it has to do;
And every flower is beauteous, love,
And every folly true.

"And you can still remember, love,
The buds that decked our play,
Though Destiny's December, love,
Has whirled those buds away:
And you can smile through tears, love,
And feel a joy in pain,
To think upon those years, love,
You may not see again.

"When we mimicked the Friar's howls, love,
Cared nothing for his creeds,
Made bonnets of his cowls, love,
And bracelets of his beads;
And gray-beards looked not awful, love,
And grandames made no din,
And vows were not unlawful, love,
And kisses were no sin.

"And do you never dream, love,
Of that enchanted well,
Where under the moon-beam, love,
The Fairies wove their spell?
How oft we saw them greeting, love,
Beneath the blasted tree,
And heard their pale feet beating, love,
To their own minstrelsy!

"And do you never think, love,
Of the shallop, and the wave,
And the willow on the brink, love,
Over the poacher's grave?
Where always in the dark, love,
We heard a heavy sigh,
And the dogs were wont to bark, love,
Whenever they went by?

"Then gaily shone the heaven, love,
On life's untroubled sea,
And Vidal's heart was given, love,
In happiness to thee;
The sea is all brightened, love,
The heaven has ceased to shine;
The heart is seared and blighted, love,
But still the heart is thine!"

He paused and looked; he paused and sighed;
None appeared, and none replied;
All was still but the waters' fall;
And the tremulous voice of the nightingale,
And the insects buzzing among the briars,
And the nasal note of the four fat friars.

"Oh fly with me! 'tis Passion's hour;
The world is gone to sleep;
And nothing wakes in brake or bower,
But those who love and weep:
This is the golden time and weather,
When songs and sighs go out together,
And minstrels pledge the rosy wine,
To lutes like this, and lips like thine!"

"Oh fly with me! my courser's flight
Is like the rushing breeze,
And the kind moon has said 'Good night!'
And sunk behind the trees:
The lover's voice—the loved one's ear—
There's nothing else to speak and hear;
And we will say, as on we glide,
That nothing lives on earth beside!"

"Oh fly with me! and we will wing
Our white skiff o'er the waves,
And hear the Tritons revelling,
Among their coral caves;
The envious Mermaid, when we pass,
Shall cease her song, and drop her glass;
For it will break her very heart,
To see how fair and dear thou art.

"Oh fly with me! and we will dwell
Far over the green seas,
Where sadness rises no parting knell
For moments such as these!
Where Italy's unclouded skies
Look brightly down on brighter eyes,
Or where the wave-wed City smiles,
Enthroned upon her hundred isles.

"Oh fly with me! by these sweet strings
Swept o'er by Passion's fingers,
By all the rocks, and vales, and springs
Where Memory lives and lingers,
By all the tongue can never tell,
By all the heart has told so well,
By all that has been or may be,
And by Love's self—Oh fly with me!"

He paused again—no sight or sound!
The still air rested all around;
He looked to the tower, and he looked to the tree,
Night was as still as night could be;
Something he muttered of Prolate and Pope,
And took from his mantle a silken rope;
Love dares much, and Love climbs well!
He stands by the Abbess in Violet's cell.
He put on a mask, and he put out the light;
The Abbess was dressed in a veil of white;
Not a look he gave, not a word he said;
The pages are ready, the blanket is spread;
He has clasped his arm her waist about,
And lifted the screaming Abbess out:
"My horse is fleet, and my hand is true,
And my Squire has a bow of deadly yew;
Away, and away, over mountain and moor!
Good luck to the love of the gay Troubadour!"

"What! rode away with the Abbess behind!
Lord! sister! is the Devil blind?"
"Full fourscore winters!"—"Fast and pray!
For the powers of darkness fight to-day!"
"I shan't get over the shock for a week!"
"Did any one hear our Mother shriek!"
"Do shut your mouth!"—"do shut the cell!"
"What a villainous, odious, sulphury smell!"
"Has the Evil One taken the Mass-book too?"
"Ah me! what will poor little Violette do?"
She has but one loaf since seven o'clock;
And no one can open that horrible lock;
And Satan will grin with a fiendish glee,
When he finds the Abbess has kept the key!"
"How shall we manage to sleep to-night?"
"I wouldn't for worlds put out my light!"
"I'm sure I shall die if I hear but a mole stir!"
"I'll clap St. Ursula under my bolster!"

But oh! the pranks that Vidal played,
When he found what a bargain his blindness had made!
Wild and wild,—half in fun, half on fire,
He stared at the Abbess, and stormed at the Squire!
Consigned to perdition all silly romancers,
Asked twenty strange questions, and stayed for no answers,
Raving, and roaring, and laughing by fits,
And driving the old woman out of her wits.

There was a jousting at Chichester;
It had made in the country a mighty stir,
And all that was brave, and all that was fair,
And all that was neither, came trooping there;
Scarfs and scars, and frays and frowns,
And flowery speeches, and flowery crowns.
A hundred knights set spear in rest
For the lady they deemed the loveliest,
And Vidal broke a lance that day
For the Abbess of St. Ursula.

There was a feast at Arundel;
The town-clerk tolled a ponderous bell,
And nothing was there but row and rout,
And toil to get in, and toil to get out,
And Sheriffs fatter than their venison,
And bells that never stayed for benison.
The red red wine was mantling there
To the health of the fairest of the fair,
And Vidal drained the cup that day
To the Abbess of St. Ursula.

There was a wedding done at Bramber;
The town was full of myrrh and amber;
And the hoors were roasting valorous beeves,
And the boys were gathering myrtle leaves,
And the bride was choosing her finest flounces,
And the bridegroom was scattering coin by ounces;
And every stripling danced on the green
With the girl he had made his idol queen,
And Vidal led the dance that day
With the Abbess of St. Ursula.

Three days had passed when the Abbess came back;
Her voice was out of tune,
And her new white veil was gone to wrack,
And so were her sandal shoon.
No word she said; they put her to bed,
With a pain in her heels, and a pain in her head,
And she talked in her delirious fever
Of a high-trotting horse, and a black deceiver;
Of music and movement, love and lance,
Bridles and blasphemy, dishes and dances.

Thus much of the bulk of Præd's lyrics,—
not forgetting his charades,—mere toys, by his
dainty handling raised to almost the importance
of works of Art. His Cambridge prize poems
were above the average; not, however, rising
to the height of, perhaps, that one prize poem
which lives elsewhere than in University annals
—we mean Heber's 'Palestine.' His Latin and
Greek compositions and his translations were also
remarkable;—showing, however, the ripe scholar
rather than the man of racy talent, if not genius.

We might have spoken of the man first, were
the memoir prefixed to his remains, however elegantly
written, only a little less meagre. But Mr.
Coleridge had little to tell beyond what could
be comprised within one paragraph. The subject
of his biography was born in easy circum-
stances; the son of a father who, perceiving
the boy's promise, disciplined his taste, indul-
gently, but strictly. Winthrop distinguished him-
self first at Eton, as one of a galaxy of brilliant
schoolboys, whose periodical, *The Etonian*, is
alone, so far as we know, among other produc-
tions of the kind,—and, as a natural sequel, con-
tinued his career gaily at Cambridge, where
his great endowments and high spirits excited
attention and attracted love to him. There, in
conjunction with Macaulay, Mr. Moultrie, his
biographer, and Mr. Charles Knight, he assisted
in planning and bringing into life that short-lived
periodical *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, which
introduced to public notice about as remarkable
a knot of fellow-collegians as has been often
assembled. Presently, politics got hold of Præd,
and, after having tried the quieter occupation
of a private tutorship, not, it would seem, much
to his satisfaction, he came up to London,—
attached himself to the Tory party (having
begun life as an advocate of Whig principles),—
came under the notice of Peel and Wellington,—
was understood to communicate liberally, if not
"by authority," to the *Morning Post*, entered
Parliament,—was nominated to a post under
Government (the Secretaryship of the Board
of Control), and, in fact, was known, marked,
and looked to as a rising man,—when his career,
for some time previous hampered and inter-
rupted by progressive ill health, ceased in death,
on the 15th of July, 1839. He was then thirty-
two years of age.

*A History of the Spiders of Great Britain and
Ireland.* By John Blackwall. (Ray Society,
1861-4.)

Histoire Naturelle des Araignées (Araignées).
Par Eugène Simon. (Paris.)

THE first impulse in the minds of many, per-
haps most, of our readers on seeing the titles of
the two works which stand at the head of this

notice, will probably be one of disgust, or, at
best, of indifference. The common species of
spiders, and particularly those which ordinarily
inhabit our houses, are objects almost of abhor-
rence to the majority of persons, to those even
whose minds are cultivated, and whose general
habits of thought may have led them to view
with interest the economy and beauty of more
obviously attractive forms. We have been
led from childhood to look upon these
creatures as mere ugly nuisances, or, even
worse, as little poisonous pests, to be destroyed
wherever they are met with. Most persons
would possibly be astonished if they were
assured that in the whole range of the
animal creation, there are few groups whose
history affords greater evidence of marvellous
design in their construction, or of interesting
variety in their habits, than these objects of
common scorn and detestation. If we admire
the exquisite symmetry of the honeycomb, or
the industry of the miraculous little creatures
by whom it is built up, we find in the web of
the geometrical spiders, which we tear in every
walk we take in the garden or the field, a
structure almost as mathematically true, con-
structed with equal industry and perseverance,
and with as distinct a reference to its ultimate
end and use. The mysterious flight of the
gossamer, effected, in some manner which is
even yet scarcely understood, by means of its
long, floating, filmy thread,—the den of the
Mygale excavated in the ground with equal
assiduity and intelligence, and covered by its
concealed and perfectly-hinged lid,—the bril-
liant silver diving-bell of the Argyroneta, as
artificially constructed as its gigantic analogue;
these and a hundred other contrivances equally
perfect, and equally manifesting the most won-
derful intelligence and design, are to be found
in the habits of the various species of this
multitudinous class.

Nor are the peculiarities in their organization
less remarkable than their economy. The
arrangement of the eyes, eight in number in
most of the species, perfectly simple in their
structure, so different in this respect from the
compound eyes in the Insects and Crustacea,—
the exquisite development of the sense of touch
in the fore legs and palpi, provided for by the
most elaborate distribution of the nerves sup-
plying those organs,—the silk glands, peculiar
to themselves, which furnish the web of which
they build their habitation, bind their prisoners,
lay the toils for their prey, construct their nests,
and by means of which some dive and live
under the water, others fly in the air, or lower
themselves in safety from a height to the
ground,—the fangs which their poison-glands,
so important as the means of depriving their
prey of the power of resistance,—these and
many other specialities in their anatomy com-
bine to attach a high degree of interest to the
study of these creatures.

Our ingenious countryman Martin Lister
was the first who paid especial attention to
this class of the articulates. His 'Tractatus de
Araneis,' one of three essays on the History of
English Animals, (1678) his 'Curious Enquiries
about Spiders, and Table of the several sorts
of them found in England,' (*Phil. Trans.* vi.
p. 2170), and 'On the Projection of the Threads
of Spiders,' (*Phil. Trans.* xiv. p. 592), con-
tain much that is interesting, and was at that
period new. Lister does not deserve the some-
what depreciating tone in which M. Simon
speaks of his contributions to our know-
ledge of these animals. The first attempt
of any importance towards a correct clas-
sification of the Araneidæ, was however
that of Walkenaer, whose elaborate work
(1836) forms a portion of the well-known 'Suites

à Buffon' in which it may be said to stand side by side with Milne-Edwards's incomparable 'Histoire des Crustacées.' It is unnecessary to enter further into the history of the literature of this subject. The splendid work of Mr. Blackwall and the less pretentious but useful volume of M. Simon must now occupy our attention for a few moments.

It is well known to every naturalist that the former gentleman has been engaged during a considerable part of his life in the study of the spiders of Great Britain, and the records of his researches, extending, we believe, over a period of between thirty and forty years, have culminated in the publication of which the Ray Society has at length completed the issue in the second Part which is now before us.

It has always appeared to us that the legitimate object of this very useful Society is not so much the publication of works of foreign local interest, or of merely evanescent value, as of those which have for their object the elucidation of our own Fauna and Flora, but are too voluminous for the *Transactions* of scientific societies, and not sufficiently remunerative to be undertaken by professional publishers: monographs of particular groups, and standard works of reference falling within the same category. We may instance, amongst others, the unrivalled work of Messrs. Alder and Hancock, on the Nudibranchiate, the Foraminifera of Dr. Carpenter, and the present work of Mr. Blackwall, as admirable examples of the former class, and the 'Bibliographia' of Agassiz of the latter. If the Council of the Society continues to offer to its members such works as these, every naturalist in the kingdom would find his account in belonging to it.

Mr. Blackwall's specific distinctions are full and clear. We are, however, somewhat disappointed in the biography, which is certainly deficient, even as regards some species which are well known and easily observed. We will only particularize the Argyroneta, or water-spider, so great a favourite with all who delight in the freshwater aquarium. The naked fact of its aquatic life is dismissed in a few lines; and no detailed description is given of its subaqueous habitation, the process by which this is filled with air, the means by which the body of the animal is kept perfectly dry when in contact with water, its killing and hanging up its prey, and many other particulars which would have occupied but little space and have greatly enhanced the interest of its history.

The anatomy of the class generally is very clearly sketched in the Introduction, and some points in their economy are pleasantly detailed. The curious and vexed question of the mode in which the various species included in the term *gossamer spiders* rise and float in the air is treated of in the following passage; and it will be seen that the electrical solution of the problem, supported by some writers, is altogether ignored by Mr. Blackwall:—

"Although spiders are not provided with wings, and, consequently, are incapable of flying, in the strict sense of the word, yet, by the aid of their silken filaments, numerous species, belonging to various genera, are enabled to accomplish distant journeys through the atmosphere. These aerial excursions, which appear to result from an instinctive desire to migrate, are undertaken when the weather is bright and serene, particularly in autumn, both by adult and immature individuals, and are effected in the following manner. After climbing to the summits of different objects, they raise themselves still higher by straightening the limbs; then elevating the abdomen by bringing it from the usual horizontal position into one almost perpendicular, they emit from the spinners a small quantity of viscid fluid, which is drawn out into fine lines by the ascending current occasioned by

the rarefaction of the air contiguous to the heated ground. Against these lines the current of rarefied air impinges, till the animals, feeling themselves acted upon with sufficient force, quit their hold of the objects on which they stand, and mount aloft. * * The manner in which the lines are carried out from a current of air appears to be this. As a preparatory measure, the spinning mammule are brought into close contact, and viscid matter is emitted from the papille; they are then separated by a lateral motion, which extends the viscid matter into fine filaments connecting the papille; on these filaments the current impinges, drawing them out to a length which is regulated by the will of the animal, and on the mammule being again brought together, the filaments coalesce and form a compound line."

The word *gossamer* is restricted by our author to the "irregular white flakes and masses" formed by the fortuitous coalescence of numerous lines.

The plates are as beautifully executed as anything of the kind we have seen. As far as the sixteenth inclusive, they are engraved by Mr. Tuffen West, and more need not be said in their praise. The remainder (there are twenty-nine in all) are lithographed by Mr. W. West, and, in the delicacy and precision of the outlines, are scarcely distinguishable from engravings on steel. The colouring is quite worthy of the work.

The small volume of M. Simon has a more extended object. It professes to be a monograph of the whole class; the species, however, being in general merely enumerated and named, and the descriptions and biographies limited to the most striking of each genus. Their anatomy, and especially the history of their economy, are much more satisfactorily treated than in the larger and more pretentious work with which we have been occupied. The modest woodcuts, too, give a greater insight into the structure of the animals, the architecture of their webs, and much of their ordinary economy than the most highly-finished coloured engravings could do. To any one who desires to obtain a general knowledge of the class, without particular reference to our own Fauna, the work will be found extremely useful. It is evidently the result of a close study of the objects on which it treats, and the information is conveyed in a clear and satisfactory manner.

Life and Letters of John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts-Bay Company at their Emigration to New England, 1630. By Robert C. Winthrop. (Boston, U.S., Ticknor & Fields; London, Triibner & Co.)

OF Suffolk families who have disappeared from a county, in which during their day of honest pride they held rank amongst the wealthy and educated gentry, though they did not venture to claim place amongst the patrician houses of the eastern provinces, few are remembered by local chroniclers with more respect than the Winthrops of Groton,—the Puritan family who from the days of Henry the Eighth to those of Charles the First were conspicuous for attachment to the principles of the Reformation. The main line of the Winthrops can be traced in a few words. Adam Winthrop, of Lavenham, co. Suffolk, had, by his wife, Joane Burton, "the widow of D. Burton, and daughter and co-heir of Lord Burnel," a son Adam, whom Cotton Mather describes as "a worthy, a discreet, and a learned gentleman, particularly eminent for skill in the law, nor without remark for love to the Gospel, under the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and brother to a memorable favourite of the reformed religion in the days of Queen Mary, into whose hands the famous martyr Philpot

committed his papers, which afterwards made no inconsiderable part of our martyr-books." This Adam Winthrop the second migrated from Suffolk to London, established himself as a clothier, became a man of considerable substance, was Master of the Clothworkers' Company in 1551, acquired the lordship of Groton, by purchase, in 1544, and died in 1562, leaving behind him seven children, of whom Adam Winthrop the third in due course became father of John Winthrop (first), Governor of Massachusetts, and grandfather of John Winthrop (second), Governor of Connecticut.

A tradition still lingers about the homesteads of Groton and the surrounding villages that the last Winthrop of Groton Manor was one of the regicides who judicially sentenced Charles the First. The site of the old manor-house, where not a stone remains of the ancient residence, is pointed out by superstitious gossips, who discern a manifestation of God's anger with a rebellious race in this total demolition of a modest dwelling. By the firesides of Suffolk farmers the story may still be heard from men who have enough knowledge of history to be aware that the first Governor of Massachusetts belonged to the party who eventually put the Stuart to death, but are ignorant that the Puritan colonist paid a last farewell to England almost nineteen years before the King's execution.

In the summer of 1847 the American author of the present volume visited the parishes of Suffolk in which his English forefathers abode, and the churches in which they worshipped. Surrendering himself to that proud affection for ancestors which is amongst the more agreeable characteristics of the best school of American gentlemen, Mr. Robert C. Winthrop mused over the legend of the Winthrop tomb in Groton churchyard, gazed on the turf from which the manor-house rose in times gone by, traced the outlines of a cellar in which the Winthrops of old stored their claret and strongest ale, and was stirred by the sight of "one old mulberry-tree still standing, in what was *probably* the garden plot, which *might* have afforded fruit and shade" to the Governor of Massachusetts and his son long ere they "pondered the memorable conclusions which determined them to quit their native soil." The tourist has pleasant memories of the green lanes, fat farms, quiet churches, and sunny meadows of the English county; but he felt pain and anger on hearing the tradition "that the Winthrops were regicides, and that there was money buried by them in some part of the premises before their flight to America." "Regicides" and "flight" were words so offensive to the worthy descendant of honourable men, that he did not turn his back on Suffolk ere he had resolved to "render an act of filial justice to his progenitors" by telling the story of their English life in such a manner that no person of education would hereafter have an excuse for mis-stating the circumstances of their emigration.

The result of this determination is a volume which, while it perfectly accomplishes its author's personal end, is a valuable addition to historic literature. Lovers of religious biography will prize it for its instructive picture of the spiritual aims and strife of a typical Puritan in the earlier part of the seventeenth century; historic students will highly appreciate its illustrations of social life during a period peculiarly interesting to Englishmen of the present generation; and enthusiastic antiquaries, especially those who by residence or descent are warmly attached to Suffolk, will read its pages for a twelfth time with undiminished avidity.

The work closes with the departure of Governor John Winthrop from England in April, 1630, from which date Bancroft's 'History of the United States' and Dr. Palfrey's 'History of New England' supply all the facts relating to the Puritan settler necessary for the purposes of the student or general reader. But though the volume terminates nineteen years before its hero's death, the memoir relates to three generations of human life,—rendering us familiar with the third Adam Winthrop of Suffolk, John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, and John Winthrop, Governor of Connecticut.

Adam Winthrop (third), who died in 1623, aged seventy-five, had been educated for the law, but after a brief residence in the Temple he settled on his estate at Groton, devoting much of his energies to agricultural pursuits, but still continuing in a somewhat irregular manner the exercise of his profession. Neither the man nor his family closely resembled the ordinary run of Suffolk squires. Their manners, amusements and pursuits smacked of London refinement and enterprise rather than of provincial simplicity. Their wives came to them from distances beyond the range of the home circle at Groton, and they moved about in a fashion not usual with small landed gentry at that date. John Winthrop, Adam's elder brother, settled in Ireland; and Adam, the squire and lawyer of Groton, was an active man of the world. His wife was Alice Still, a Lincolnshire beauty, and sister of Bishop Still, who on slender evidence has been handed down as the author of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle'; and whilst he lived in his manor-house at Groton he made periodical visits to Cambridge, where for some seventeen years he discharged the office of auditor of the accounts of Trinity College, and for some portion, if not the whole, of the same time was also auditor of St. John's. Copious extracts does the author publish from the diary of this Adam Winthrop, a diary extending from 1594 to 1610, and abounding with glimpses of social life.

Having entered the University in his fifteenth year, an age at which lads ordinarily commenced their college career in the seventeenth century, John Winthrop made unusual speed in taking another important step. Leaving Cambridge prematurely, he married the first of his three wives when he was no older than seventeen years and three months, and became a father shortly after the completion of his eighteenth year. This first wife, a lady of considerable fortune and gentle lineage, daughter and sole heiress of John Forth, of Great Stanbridge, co. Essex, became the mother of six children, and died when her husband was but twenty-eight years old. His "Christian Experiences" of 1636-7 inform his readers that his union with Mary Forth was quickly followed by spiritual conversion and enlightenment; but an earlier statement of religious experience, dating from the first week of February, 1606, and now for the first time brought to light, gives further particulars about his life between 1605 and Mary Forth's death: "Now I began," he says, referring in the "Christian Experiences" of the later date to a period immediately following his first marriage, "to come under strong exercises of conscience (yet by fits only): I could no longer dally with religion." The earlier record shows that at first Mary did not cordially sympathize with her husband's earnestness, though eventually "she proved a right godly woman."

Having buried his first wife at Groton, June 26, 1615, the Puritan widower speedily consoled himself with a second wife, marrying on December 6th of the same year Thomasine

Clopton, daughter of William Clopton, of Castleins, near Groton, and a member of one of the oldest and most honourable families of East Anglia. Scarcely had twelve months passed ere John Winthrop was again a widower. On the last day of November, 1616, Thomasine gave birth to a daughter, who died on the following morning; and two days after the first anniversary of her wedding, the mother followed her babe to the unknown land. A full and most pathetic account of her illness and death is found in the husband's diary of "Experience." This touching narrative of the poor lady's death, penned by her own husband, is equally noteworthy for minuteness of detail, strong human poetry, and certain quaint touches which may almost be called humorous, though nothing was further from the writer's intention than to provoke merriment.

She died on Sunday, at 5 p.m., having heard her passing-bell during the night of the preceding Thursday. Many a poor creature hovering betwixt life and death has been terrified into the grave by the superstitious usage which, in past generations, disturbed the sick when they most needed tranquillity. Occasionally, good Christians could listen calmly to the knell which informed them that they were deemed beyond the reach of the physician's art; but not seldom patients, who might, under more judicious treatment, have recovered, expired at the first note of the fearful warning. It is recorded of Lady Catherine Grey, who died a prisoner in the Tower, that overhearing Sir Owen Hopton, the governor of the fortress, say to Mr. Bokeham, "Were it not best to send to the church, that the bell may be rung,"—she mildly entreated, "Good Sir Owen, let it be so." But such composure was unusual. Thomasine Winthrop, however, like Lady Catherine, heard her own passing-bell without perturbation:—

"On Thursday in the night she was taken with death, and about midnight or somewhat after called for me, and for the rest of her friends. When I came to her she seemed to be fully assured that her time was come, and to be glad of it, and desired me to pray, which I did, and she took comfort therein, and desired that we would send for Mr. Sands, which we did. In the mean time, she desired that the bell might ring for her, and divers of the neighbours came in to her, which when she perceived she desired me that they might come to her one by one, and so she would speak to them all, which she did, as they came, quietly and comfortably. When the bell began to ring, some said it was the 4 o'clock bell, but she, conceiving that they sought to conceal it from her, that it did ring for her, she said it needed not, for it did not trouble her. Then came in Mr. Nicolson, whom she desired to pray, which he did."

As Thomasine's soul was about to take flight, each member of her family and household was called to her bedside to receive, from dying lips, a few words of wholesome exhortation. The expiring monitor was expected on such occasions to utter home truths; and it is quite credible that many a poor sinner has derived transient satisfaction from the permission thus accorded to speak frankly to old friends—and enemies. Thomasine's counsel to her sister Margerye to "take heed of lyeing," and her emphatic declaration of opinion that "Anne Pold was a stubborne wenche," make us suspect that, even on her deathbed, the good woman seized an opportunity to scold a sister whom she did not like, and a servant for whom she had an aversion.

In the April of 1618, John Winthrop married again, taking to wife Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Tyndal, Knight, of Great Maplestead, in the county of Essex. Sir Thomas was the Master in Chancery whose assassination, by a vindictive suitor, was an event in Lord Bacon's

official life. John Winthrop's love-letters to his third bride are amusing specimens of the style of wooing common amongst the Puritans. They are long, solemn, severe compositions, abounding with Scriptural apologies for love and with directions which most young ladies on the eve of marriage would not accept from their lovers with perfect meekness.

Thus married for a third time, John Winthrop received additions to his family, already sufficiently numerous; and, striving to promote their worldly as well as spiritual interests, he worked strenuously in the legal profession. His exact rank amongst lawyers is uncertain; but, in 1622, we find him attending to professional business in London and on circuit, and, in 1626, he was appointed to act as an attorney in the Court of Wards and Liveries, a post which he lost in the summer of 1629. He was, moreover, a county magistrate, and the proprietor of an estate which yielded him some 700*l.* per annum. Sittings of "the quorum," prayer-meetings, and law courts, left him but little spare time.

Whilst the future governor of Massachusetts was thus busying himself with affairs spiritual and temporal, his eldest son, John, the future governor of Connecticut, was entering manhood. After receiving a preliminary education at the grammar-school of Bury St. Edmunds, the school where Lord Cranworth and the late Bishop of London worked through Greek plays, the younger Winthrop became a student at Trinity College, Dublin. Perhaps economical considerations were amongst the reasons why the Irish University was preferred to Cambridge; for the necessary expenses of a residence in Dublin were comparatively trifling. The elder Winthrop calculated that 30*l.* a year would cover the cost of his son's living. "So long," he writes, "as your mind is limited to a sober course, I will not limit your allowance less than to the uttermost of my own estate. If 20*l.* be too little (as I always accounted it), you shall have 30*l.*; and, when that shall not suffice, you shall have more." But it should be borne in mind that, though under ordinary circumstances Cambridge was the university to which the sons of Suffolk squires went to study, the Winthrops had kept up so much intercourse with Ireland, that the selection of the Irish college as a place of education for the heir of Groton is easily accounted for. The elder Winthrop's uncle, John, had settled and died in Ireland; and, while the younger John Winthrop was a Dublin undergraduate, he resided in the family of one of his uncles. The biographer publishes the letters which passed between the Dublin student and his Suffolk relations. Some of the epistles, especially those written by Forth Winthrop (a Bury St. Edmunds schoolboy) to his brother at college, give the reader some pleasant glimpses of schoolboy life in the seventeenth century. Giving his elder brother much gossip about classes and school-mates, Forth says: "We came up into the hie ende last Christide: As for my likinge of it, who could mislike of sich a place havinge sich kind usage att schole?" Repeaters of oft-told stories about Mulcaster's birches and Busby's buckram plasters should bear in mind Forth Winthrop's testimony that, in the good old times, boys occasionally met with "kind usage att schole." A few years later, Forth Winthrop is a Cambridge undergraduate, sending letters to his father's "chamber at the Temple Gate, London," by the venerable Cambridge carrier, Hobson. "Most loving Father," writes the boy in one letter, "I delivered your token to my chamber-fellow, who with thanks returns his servis." In a note, the biographer suggests that in the term "chamber-

fellow" may be found the origin of the word "chum."

Whilst Forth was at Cambridge, his brother John having left Dublin, and subsequently becoming a student of the Inner Temple, was seeing foreign lands. In 1627, he joined the expedition under the Duke of Buckingham for the relief of the French Protestants at Rochelle; and, in the following year, he began some fifteen months of foreign travel, during which period he visited Constantinople, Venice, and Amsterdam.

The time, however, was fast drawing nigh when the Winthrops resolved to seek, in America, that freedom for religious action which was denied to them in their native land. For years the elder Winthrop had looked to America as the country in which he should, probably, end his days. The loss of his post in 1629, and the ominous aspect of public affairs, ultimately decided him to seek a home in the western hemisphere; and, having been appointed, in the July of that year, Governor of the Massachusetts-Bay Company, he and his family sailed for New England, in the spring of 1630.

Year-Books of the Reign of King Edward the First. Years XXXII.-XXXIII. Edited and translated by A. J. Horwood. (Longman & Co.)

THE years 1304 and 1305 were eventful years to England. In the former, the nobility of Scotland made their submission to the English crown. In the latter, Sir William Wallace, thief, as he was accounted on one side, hero, as he was held to be by the other, closed the struggle in which he had been foiled, by an ignominious death, which was not a shame to him while he suffered, nor a disgrace to his memory after its endurance.

While great events engaged the attention of great people, and smaller persons suffered more or less by the turn which events took, there was no lack of offence at home, to give vivacity to lawyers, and offenders to the hangman; nor were there wanting a large number of contentious persons, who appealed to the laws to settle differences which they might have arranged, at less cost and no peril, amongst themselves. Some of these individuals are rescued from entire oblivion by this publication of their cases, and while ordinary readers may find amusement in perusing these police and law reports of more than three centuries and a half ago, students of law and history may find much among the details from which, by proper application, they may profit.

Altogether, perhaps, this volume is less interesting than its predecessor, but it is not without a peculiar interest of its own. As Mr. Horwood remarks, "The mere fact of reports being permitted, and perhaps authorized (independently of the courts of law being then, as now, open to the public), shows that there was no attempt to conceal the proceedings of the judges; and the particulars of some of the causes show that, when necessary, strong comments would be made on the conduct of the parties, and remonstrance be made to the judge; and that justice was done, although a baron, or the king himself, might be the sufferer." Mr. Horwood is of opinion that the reporters of these cases must have employed some kind of shorthand, "or they would not have been able to give the arguments (so evidently genuine) of the counsel, or parties"; but these arguments are given only in a very condensed form. The counsel do not appear to have been wanting in dialectic skill. Their conduct was guided by the rules and principles laid down in the lawyers' handbook, the 'Speculum Juris' of Durand. In

this book, mutual courtesy between advocates was recommended; but where it was broken, the "You're another!" style was admissible to the insulted party. "You must not treat your adversary with contumely," says Durand, "or call him, in plain words, a ruffian or a prevaricator; or insinuate as much by saying, 'I am not a thief,' thereby intimating that he is. But if the other accuse you of falsehood, you may safely say, 'You are a liar!' but you should protest that you do not say so with intent to injure him, but only to defend your own cause!"

Some of the most interesting cases here noted are those that refer to trial by battle. This mode of settling a dispute was resorted to in cases where ecclesiastical grandees were at issue with gentlemen, on right of advowson. In such cases, the churchmen fought by deputy. Indeed, as Mr. Horwood tells us, "It was not unusual for an ecclesiastical person to keep a champion in regular pay." We knew that it was common enough for priests to keep jesters; but a fighting champion attached to the household looks as if the clergy were not of the most peaceable disposition. Such a champion was kept by De Swinfield, Bishop of Hereford,—that joyous old hunter and falconer, of whose household matters all antiquaries know so much, and yet they know nothing of this champion kept by the prelate. The gallant in question was one Thomas de Bruges, and his wage, secured by deed signed and sealed, amounted to the not exorbitant sum—even considering the relative equivalent—of six shillings and eight pence annually, for which Thomas was bound to perform the duties of champion against all persons having disagreeable issues at law with the bishop. What a blessing to a bishop would such a man be now in a prelate's household! This official, indeed, is not entirely unknown in modern times. In the lists of the directors and officials of the French railway companies, our readers may have seen that one is recorded on the roll as "le contentieux." Now, this "contentious one" is the society's champion, and he is bound, good lawyer as he always is, not only to defend the company in all litigation, but to pick what holes he can, and find what exceptions he may, in all claims and documents, of whatever nature, which are brought before the company. The contentious one has a microscopic eye for all documents, and a tremendous claw for those who produce them against the railway company, of which he is the recognized champion.

To the general public this book will not be so acceptable as many of its predecessors; but, to the lawyer, antiquarian and historian, its value will be found to be very great. Nothing has been spared by the editor to render it especially useful to those last mentioned.

The Color-Guard: being a Corporal's Notes of Military Service in the Nineteenth Army Corps. By James H. Hosmer, of the Fifty-Second Regiment Mas. Volunteers. (Boston, U.S., Walker, Wise & Co.)

So much has been said about the German and Irish mercenaries of the Northern armies, and so much about the diabolical zeal of Northern clergymen who incite their congregations to maintain a struggle, in the dangers of which they themselves from motives of prudence or cowardice decline to take any personal part, that it is a pleasant change to listen to a story of the Black War, told by a Northern volunteer who took service as a private in the ranks, notwithstanding his cloth, culture and good preferment. "You want to know," writes the Rev. James H. Hosmer to a friend on the 13th of

November, 1862, "why I have left my pulpit and parish, and enlisted. I had several reasons: all plain, simple, and sensible enough. The cause of the North, briefly, is to me the cause of civilization and liberty. To help this I have preached, made speeches, and talked in private. Ought I not to practise what I preach? Ought I to shrink from encountering perils and hardships which I have urged others to encounter?" The writer adds, "I own, it is a sort of fame I covet, to have my name go down in our modest family annals as the parson who, in his generation, went with rifle on shoulder to Texas or Louisiana, or the Carolinas: doing his duty in honourable fields as did great-grandfathers and 'Uncle Ben' of old." Yielding to the considerations thus indicated, and to other not less honourable motives, Mr. Hosmer, Pastor of the First Church in Deerfield, Massachusetts, enlisted as a private in the Fifty-second regiment of his State, bade his flock farewell for a period, and went to the wars. After serving throughout the Banks campaign of the spring and early summer of 1863, as one of the eight corporals appointed to guard the regimental colours, the plucky parson returned to Deerfield, tanned by Southern suns, vigorous through constant exertion, happy with a consciousness of having "done his work like a man," and doubly acceptable to his congregation as a fearless patriot and an unselfish priest. Such is Mr. Hosmer's story. Throughout his term of service he kept a diary, which will be read with lively interest by English observers of the war, and especially by the members of our own volunteer force, although it throws no new light on the nature or chances of the contest. The charm of the book is its thoroughly English tone. The author is a shrewd, energetic, humorous, truth-loving, manly fellow; a parson who may be classified as a member of our own national school of muscular Christians; and he writes just as an English volunteer after fighting for his country would write of past hardships, dangers, and successes. Clearly he does not feel it his duty to praise his companions in arms at the expense of truth. Of the depredations committed far and near by Northern regiments, marching through Southern country, he gives forcible and suggestive pictures. "This matter of foraging is a hard one," he says; "I have seen now what a scourge to a country an invading army is. We were turned loose, as I shall presently record; the government under our guns collected a large amount of cotton, and we were suffered to kill cattle, pigs and poultry. All this marauding went on ruthlessly and wastefully. We left the road behind us foul with the odour of decaying carcasses. Cattle were killed, a quarter or so taken out of them, and the remainder left to the buzzards. Pigs were bayoneted, sugar-houses plundered of sugar and molasses, private dwellings entered; and if any resistance was offered by the owner, his arms were wrested from him, and he overmastered. I took no part in any active foraging, though I own I was more than once a partaker in the booty. It was, in fact, our only way to live. Government bread and poor bacon were really insufficient to support strength under our work and exposure. When Bivins offered me some fine cutlets, Sunday morning, from a calf he had just killed, I took them without much reluctance; and so, when Sile Dibble brought in steaks almost by the armful, and canteens of molasses, and haversacks of sugar, I was glad, hungry and tired as I was, to take the share he offered me. If I did not active foraging, it was, perhaps, more due to want of enterprise, and because there were enough others to do it, than because my conscience stood in the way. Am I demoralized?" This candid confession exhibits some amount

of moral courage. Worse outrages are alluded to. "Great barbarities, however," says the chronicler, "I fear, have been committed. They say earrings have been torn from the ears of women, and brooches from their bosoms, while they sat with children in their arms. At Opelousas, an order of General Banks was read, speaking of the conduct of the stragglers as bringing the deepest disgrace upon us, disgrace so deep as almost to cancel the glory of the success. Of these enormities I myself have seen but little." And yet notwithstanding these facts, Mr. Hosmer is sanguine enough to be confident that the time is coming when the men, whose wives and daughters have been thus robbed and insulted, will consent to be once more the fellow-citizens of their foes!

Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres.
Par Jacques Charles Brunet. Fifth Edition.
Vols. I.-V. (Paris, Didot.)

Five-and-fifty years ago M. Brunet gave to the world the first edition of the 'Manuel du Libraire,' for which he had been collecting materials since he was fifteen, and he is now issuing the fifth edition in the eighty-fourth year of his age. A more striking or a more pleasing fact is not recorded of any book in the whole course of his copious and instructive volumes. That nearly 5,000 double-columned pages of closely-printed bibliographical matter, full of the most closely-packed information as to facts and figures, should be given us by an octogenarian, is a proof not only of most unusual energy and eyesight, but of rare powers of mind and memory, stimulated by what seems, happily, the most durable of all attachments—the love of literature.

The new edition is not yet finished. A catalogue, like a cyclopædia, naturally goes on expanding. The first edition of the 'Manuel du Libraire' was in three volumes, the second in four, the fourth in five, and the fifth is to be in six. The five now before us contain the alphabetical list of books which forms the staple of the 'Manuel,' and the remaining one is to give the classified Table of Contents.

The aim of M. Brunet is to supply the reading public with a bibliographical dictionary of every eminent book, as a companion to the biographical dictionaries of every eminent man. All the select, and standard, and curious printed books in every branch of knowledge and literature, and in every language, enter into his plan. The earliest work of this kind with which we are acquainted,—after the gigantic attempts of Conrad Gesner, the first and perhaps the greatest of bibliographers, in the very infancy of printing, more than 300 years ago,—is an obscure, it might almost be said a forgotten book, the product of an English press. It is the 'Catalogus Universalis Librorum in omni facultate lingueque insignium et rarissimorum,' or 'Universal Catalogue of distinguished Books and Books of great rarity in every class and in every language, collected with great labour and expense from the Catalogues not only of the Bodleian, the Leyden, and the Utrecht Libraries, the Barberini, the De Thou, the Cordes, the Letellier, the Sluys, and the Heinsian collections, but from almost all other printed Catalogues.' The work, which occupies two volumes, of about 700 pages each, was published, in 1699, by John Hartley, a bookseller, opposite Gray's Inn, in Holborn,—*apud Joannem Hartley, Bibliopolam exadversum Hospitio Grayensi, in vico vulgo Holborn dicto.* There are several pagings and several alphabets in the volumes, but the compiler tells us in the Preface, which is in English, "My first Design was to have

reduced all the following Tomes into one exact and entire Alphabet, and not only so, but likewise to have added an Index Materiæ, with References to every particular Book and in what Publick Library it was to be found." This he finally purposed to do in a third volume; but a third volume does not appear to have ever been issued. No name is signed to the Preface, but there seems to be little doubt that the compiler of this ingenious but unsuccessful book, the plan of which so strikingly anticipates that of the 'Manuel du Libraire,' was John Hartley, its publisher. English readers owe a great debt to English booksellers. From Andrew Maunsell, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, to Bohn, and Darling, and Sampson Low, in the time of Queen Victoria, it is to the "trade," or rather profession, that we stand indebted for many of the most laborious and useful bibliographical catalogues. The booksellers of France refer also, with well-justified pride, to their Prosper Marchand, Gabriel Martin, De Bure the younger, and, in our own times, to their Rénouard and Quérard and the very Brunet whose work is now before us,—one of two living Brunets who are and will be distinguished in the annals of bibliography.

The 'Bibliographie Instructive' of De Bure the younger, issued in nine widely-printed volumes about a hundred years ago, was a work as remarkably successful as Hartley's had been the reverse, and found its way into every well-appointed library in Europe. De Bure's, a work of sterling merit, had an alphabetical index, but was arranged in classes, as almost all French catalogues are, even down to the auction catalogues of their modern sale-rooms. It was somewhat remarkable that Osmont, in a 'Dictionnaire Bibliographique,' published in 1768, and Cailleau and Duclos in another, which followed in 1790, adopted an alphabetical system. The first bibliographical effort of our M. Brunet, issued in 1802, was a supplementary volume to Cailleau and Duclos, and the success of this supplement led to his projecting a complete work of his own; but before the 'Manuel' was issued, a bibliographical dictionary, by Fournier, which in plan and general appearance almost exactly anticipated it, had gone through two editions. The works of both Fournier and Brunet were alphabetical; and the only original feature of Brunet's plan was the classified table of contents, which forms the concluding volume in his first edition, as well as in its successors. Since then, the alphabetical system has continued to enjoy a long course of popularity. Both of the German bibliographers, Ebert and Grässe, who have endeavoured to take the place of Brunet, have produced simply alphabetical dictionaries, without any attempt at classification whatever. Watt, in his 'Bibliotheca Britannica,' the only completed English work which aims at giving a general idea of the world of books, adds to an alphabetical list of authors an alphabetical list of subjects. The Englishman Lowndes is the sole bibliographer of importance within the last quarter of a century who has aimed at returning to the plan of classification. After finishing his alphabetical 'Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature' he commenced on the other system the publication of his 'British Librarian,' which, in spite of its restricted title, was intended to comprise all literatures, and which, though unfortunately abounding in errors, has merits which lead us to regret that the death of its author occasioned its abandonment in a state of incompleteness. One of these merits was, in our opinion, its systematical character, to complete the advantage of which, however, the addition of an alphabetical index would have been necessary.

A large collection of books will, we believe, always require two or three different ways of arranging the catalogue of its contents, as a large metropolis will always require two or three different ways of arranging the catalogue of its citizens. The Post Office Directory of the commencement of this century merely presented a list of the householders of London in the alphabetical order of their names; but in the well-known bulky volume which is now found so indispensable, almost every particle of information is given three separate times—once in the order of the names of persons, again in the order of the different trades or professions, and again in the order of the names of streets. With regard to a list of books, a threefold, or even a fourfold, arrangement of a corresponding kind might, perhaps, often be found of advantage, but at least a double arrangement of the materials is, wherever practicable, not only desirable but requisite on behalf of the student; and in nothing does M. Brunet's judgment appear to so much advantage, in comparison with his German rivals, as in his constant determination to have "two strings to his bow." Fortunately, it is not necessary in the case of catalogues, as in the case of directories, that all the information should be repeated without abridgment,—the object can be attained by a systematic catalogue with an alphabetical index, or an alphabetical catalogue with a systematic table of contents. It is, however, by no means an object of indifference which of the two lists is made the principal and which the subordinate. M. Brunet from the very first chose the alphabetical catalogue and the table, and he still, to our regret, adheres to this plan. The expansion of the 'Manuel' to five volumes might almost of itself have suggested the adoption of the other. The main feature of the popular system of arranging titles in catalogues, known as that of the Parisian booksellers, and generally ascribed to Gabriel Martin, though we believe it can be proved of earlier origin, is the division of the whole world of books into five classes—Theology, Jurisprudence, Arts and Sciences, Polite Literature, and History, the very division which M. Brunet has himself followed in his systematic table of contents. Had he distributed the titles of his books into the order adopted in this table, each separate volume of the five might have comprised a separate class complete in itself,—no small advantage,—and the sixth volume, being occupied with a copious alphabetical index, might have enabled those in quest of a particular author to follow his track without difficulty. We cannot but think that the utility of the 'Manuel' would have been enormously enhanced by this simple change in its arrangement,—by a return to the plan of De Bure, but with that plan applied to sixty thousand volumes instead of six.

Even had the alphabetical system been retained in general, there is one feature of it, as practised by M. Brunet, in imitation of Barbier, which surely calls for a modification. The anonymous books are catalogued according to the first word of their title, whatever it may be, instead of on the system adopted at the British Museum, by which a proper name occurring in the title is taken in preference for a heading. Thus, an account of a pretended revolt among the mules at Rome, and an account of an earthquake at Jerusalem, which would at the Museum be catalogued under the headings "Rome" and "Jerusalem" respectively, are placed in the 'Manuel' under "Une" and "Ung," because the title of the one begins with "Une chose mémorable" and the other "Ung merveilleusement grandt mouvement."

The first pamphlet is stated to be translated from the German and the other from the Italian, and under the Museum system the original and the translation would be brought in contact, while on the 'Manuel' system they will be for ever kept asunder. Unfortunately, too, M. Brunet does not adhere consistently to his, or rather Barbier's, rule: "Ung notable sermon," we observe, is catalogued under "Notable," we presume by oversight.

Passing from the plan to the execution, we cannot but remark what difficulties beset the modern bibliographer who has the boldness to profess to deal with "all languages." In the times of De Bure, a hundred years ago, or even when Brunet commenced his labours, the phrase "all languages" was supposed to receive a sufficiently liberal interpretation, if taken to include some five or six. Even German might then be passed over as belonging to the unknown tongues in bibliography. The case is altered now. Not to speak of German, which ranks in importance with French itself, or of Swedish or Danish or Dutch, some of the most splendid volumes that have left the press in the last twenty years are couched in Russian and Hungarian. A Frenchman acquainted with Latin may, without any great difficulty, make out the title of an Italian or Spanish, or even in many cases of an English book, but to read a line of Russian requires the study of a peculiar alphabet, and to understand a line of Hungarian the study of a peculiar and isolated language. Even to consult the native bibliographers of the new members of the family of literary languages, their own idioms must be mastered. The Polish bibliographers of last century wrote in German or Latin. Of Polish literature there are several excellent modern histories extant—by Łukaszewicz, by Wojcicki, by Maciejowski, by Wisniewski; but all their information is locked up in Polish, and they have never even been translated into German.

That M. Brunet has not had it in his power to follow up sufficiently these new developments of literature, is apparent in his very first page. We find there an entry, "Aa (A. J.) Voordenboek der Nerlanden," by which is, no doubt, meant the great 'Geographical Dictionary of the Netherlands and their Colonies,' in thirteen volumes; and in this entry there are three slight mistakes—"Aa" for "Vander Aa," "Voordenboek" for "Woordenboek" (M. Brunet, on the other hand, speaks of the *Wazerley* Novels), and "Nerlanden" for "Nederlanden." But we find no mention of the great biographical dictionary of Dutchmen by the same author, the 'Biographische Woordenboek der Nederlanden,' which was commenced in 1852, is still advancing, in spite of the decease of its originator, and has now, we believe, reached its eleventh volume. This is a work of the first importance, supplying materials of value for all future biographical dictionaries, and of peculiar interest in a bibliographical point of view, because it furnishes the most copious catalogue of the productions of the authors of Holland. M. Brunet also omits altogether to notice the remarkable Norwegian Ivar Asen, whose works on the grammar and vocabulary of the dialects of Norway are not only curious from the information they embody, but for the singular effect they have had in stimulating a literary party among his countrymen to attempt to create a new Norwegian language, an attempt in which all who consider the confusion of Babel as a calamity will sincerely hope they may fail.

These instances from the first page might be supplemented by proofs from hundreds of other pages that the 'Manuel du Libraire' cannot be accepted as a sufficient guide for the litera-

ture of "all languages." Indeed, with the exception of Russian, in regard to which M. Brunet appears to enjoy the assistance of a competent friend, it would seem that as to the northern and eastern languages of Europe he has only been able to avail himself of the information to be found in the pages of some of the German bibliographers. His shortcomings as to these literatures were indeed pointed out by Grasse as a motive for the compilation of his own 'Trésor'; but unfortunately Grasse, though he has produced a work of value, is himself defective in supplying the deficiencies to which he called attention,—and an adequate supplement to the 'Manuel' in these respects is still to be wished for.

On the other hand, in regard to French literature, the 'Manuel' often sins in the way of redundancy. Our bibliographer Lowndes aimed, as has been already mentioned, at producing two guides for English book collectors,—one the 'Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature,' relating to books in English only, or in some manner connected with England,—the other a guide to universal literature, in which English books were included with others, but only such as were of general interest and considered worthy to stand in any collection. The principle of Lowndes's distinction was a sound one, and it may be regretted that it has not been oftener followed. Neither in French nor in German is there a book corresponding to his select but extensive list of domestic literature, though such a work is much wanted in both. Much of the information given in the 'Manuel du Libraire' would have found a more appropriate place in a companion work of the same kind devoted to French literature alone. The foreign reader is more annoyed than edified at finding three columns taken up with an elaborate account of the so-called "Bigarrures" of Tabourot, "Seigneur des Accords," and five others, with details of the "facetious" tracts of a certain Tabarin, whose absence, with that of many others of his "facetious" brethren, would have been an advantage to the work.

With regard to Classical and Oriental literature, the diligence of the venerable bibliographer is displayed to much advantage. M. Brunet's articles on the great authors of Greece and Rome leave little to wish for, within the limits to which he restricts himself. The Oriental portion of the work has also been carefully attended to, and the lists which have been published from time to time in the *Journal Asiatique* of the productions of the presses of Cairo and Constantinople turned to good account. There is one omission for which we can only conjecture a reason. In turning over the pages we come upon few of the productions of the native Chinese press, though the lists of the most conspicuous works of Chinese literature given in Bridgeman's 'Chrestomathy of the Canton Dialect,' in Dr. Wilhelm Schott's *Sketch of Chinese Literature* and in Pauthier's volumes on 'La Chine,' offer ample materials for the purpose. It has, however, long been the practice in France, both at the Imperial Library and elsewhere, to assign all Chinese printed books to the department of manuscripts,—a rather singular arrangement, when it is considered that the Chinese were undoubtedly the inventors of printing, and are still in the habit of rivalling, in activity, even the presses of Europe. From whatever cause, M. Brunet is certainly much more sparing in his information on the printed books of China than on those of India or Egypt.

Italian, Spanish and Portuguese are three languages with regard to which the pages of the 'Manuel' may be always consulted with the prospect of a good result. The researches

of native bibliographers will often be found combined and condensed in a felicitous manner, with a due acknowledgment of the various sources. The only material exception to this that we have observed is, that in the article on Lope de Vega, no notice is taken of the elaborate bibliography of that author's works by Mr. John Chorley. With regard to English, also, there is reason to be satisfied with the space assigned and the trouble taken. Of course, in points connected with early English books, M. Brunet, who, as far as we can gather, has never made a bibliographical tour to any foreign library, has been obliged to rely on English authorities. When Christopher Anderson, in his travels on behalf of the 'Annals of the English Bible,' paid a visit to Paris, he was surprised to find how deficient was the Imperial Library in the kind of books he was in search of; and perhaps all France cannot produce a copy of one of the original Shakespeare quartos. M. Brunet very handsomely acknowledges his obligations, in connexion with the fourteen pages which he has devoted to Shakespeare, to the hundred and fourteen pages which are given to the bard in Bohn's edition of Lowndes, and which have supplied the 'Manuel' with no small portion of the materials for an article rich in interest and information. Continental readers will find an excellent general guide to our literature in the volumes of M. Brunet, but English readers will naturally in such a case turn to the fountain-head, and avail themselves of the more copious information of our own bibliographers supplied in our own language. The 'Manuel du Libraire' has its principal value for us in being the best bibliographical introduction to the literary treasures of the Romanic languages of the Continent, and thus one of the most indispensable books of reference on the shelves of a lover of books, and one of the most certain to be frequently in his hands. Even if it should ever be entirely superseded, which is doubtful, the name of Brunet will always be cited with honour in the annals of bibliography.

NEW NOVELS.

Sybilla Lockwood. By Noell Radecliffe. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—We expected a better novel from the author of 'The Lees of Blendon Hall' and 'Wheel within Wheel.' There is not in 'Sybilla Lockwood' sufficient weight of interest to carry the reader through the private affairs of the numerous characters who appear on the stage. Their affairs are set forth in long conversations, as of strangers talking of personal matters in general company. Marriage is the topic of the book, but the reader is in a provoking state of indifference as to the chances of happiness. Sybilla Lockwood marries a man for whom she does not care, and who does not care for her, because she is unhappy with her stepmother; and has had her vanity wounded and her self-love very harshly treated by the stepmother in question. Her husband neglects her, and insults her by the publicity of his liaisons with other women. She from an awkward, ordinary-looking girl, develops into a brilliant fascinating woman of genius, and captivates a fashionable man who had despised her as a girl. Sybilla accepts the love of the man who loves her too late, but it is an uncomfortable affair; he is appointed ambassador to some court, and finds his liaison inconvenient: they quarrel, and Sybilla disappears; is supposed to be dead; but she has only gone away and concealed herself, to be free both of husband and lover. The last volume takes up the narrative several years later, and the retrospect is narrated in very long letters from Sybilla to Helen; the upshot of the whole matter being, that Sybilla re-appears in England after her husband's death, who had married again; his wife is fortunately dead also; but still Sybilla's return is both inconvenient and disagreeable. She does

penance however by living with her stepmother, and is altogether a reformed character, patiently returning to take up the cross which as a girl she had flung away; indeed, she had run away from all her duties in turn; and this coming back to the trial appointed to her in youth, is a virtue out of season. The other characters are followed out at a length entirely beyond their claim on the reader's attention. The novel is badly constructed, being merely a bundle of personal histories, with no plot or story to bind them together. The moral is, that those who will not endure a little which comes to them in the way of their appointed duty, will have to endure a great deal in the effort to escape and walk in their own ways,—an excellent moral, and a good purpose to illustrate.

Zoe's Brand. By the Author of 'Recommended to Mercy.' 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall).—*Zoe's Brand* is, as its title indicates, the story of a beautiful Quadroon, and of all the trials and difficulties and humiliations to which she is subjected. The author evidently has as little sympathy with the mode in which the Northerners treat negroes as with the laws of slavery in the South, and this makes the tale more spirited, as well as more true to life, than the one-sided abolition novels, where the negroes and the abolitionists are all perfection, and the slaveholders are devils. Still, to an English reader, *'Zoe's Brand'* is not a pleasant story to read. English readers cannot realize the disgust of being born black, and the misery to which people of colour are predestined. It is always painful to dwell on merely physical disabilities, for *Zoe* is, of course, the fairest as well as the loveliest and most charming of women. The novel ends well, but there are oceans of tears and mountains of difficulty before the end is attained. Angelique, or, as she is called, Angy, the vain, revengeful, passionate slave, is a well-drawn character. The death of her child is powerfully told. She is the evil influence upon *Zoe's* fortunes, though of course there are the brutal white men who strive to work out the atrocities permitted by the slave laws. *'Zoe's Brand'* is a better and more healthy book than the general run of slave novels; it is written, too, in a pleasant vigorous style; but nothing can make a slave story other than painful.

St. Agnes' Bay: a Tale of Love at First Sight. By an Old Cantab. (Low & Co.).—The author of this little story tells us that he has laboured for some years as the editor of a scientific journal, and that *'St. Agnes' Bay'* is his first attempt at fiction. In short, he seems to have written the book principally for the sake of trying an experiment; as he felt anxious to ascertain whether a romantic tale could issue out of a mind which was usually absorbed in mathematical investigations. We congratulate him on the result of his labours, and we hope that his devotion to the Differential Calculus and other inscrutable mysteries may not deter him from making further literary efforts. The main idea of *'St. Agnes' Bay'* is very original, and the narrative is fresh and lively; but if the book had been a little longer, the delineation of character might have been rendered more finished and striking in its details. Still the conception of the various personages is good, and the old Doctor, especially, with his alternate fits of angry madness and vigorous friendship, has in him the making of a very telling character. The whole story is supposed to be included in the short space of a few days, during which a young Cambridge graduate is residing, from some curious whim, in a ruined martello tower perched upon a sea-washed rock. Here he finds, to his astonishment, that he has two beautiful young mermaids for his neighbours, who are wont to disport themselves (clad in very proper bathing dresses) amid the waves which beat against the walls of his fortress. An introduction follows (not, however, in bathing costume), and our hero becomes in six hours the intimate friend of a warm-hearted and hospitable family. How a most unexpected misunderstanding occurs, and he is ignominiously expelled from the house; how for a while he is condemned as a villain by all except the one fair being whom "love at first sight" has subdued; how an explanation ensues, and his alleged guilt is shown to be a mere phantom of the old

Doctor's brain; how the disciple of Hippocrates throws himself insane into the sea, and is hauled out perfectly sensible by the hero of the rock; how all is explained at last, and the said hero (who has "no friends," and was originally picked up in a boat at sea) finds himself possessed of a father, a wife, and everything that he can possibly want; all these things are clearly brought out in about 200 pages, without omission or over-crowding in the development of the narrative. An "Old Cantab" finds more life in a tiny bay than some novelists in a crowded city, and puts as much incident in a week as many writers can contrive to stow away in a year.

A Heart Twice Won: a Novel. By Harriet Lydia Stevenson. 2 vols. (Newby).—Some years ago there were two distinguished "water-doctors" at the pleasant little mountain range of Malvern, whose names were Wilson and Gully. Not having visited Malvern lately, we are indebted to Miss Stevenson for the information that the gentleman who now directs the "packing" and "compress" rejoices in the name of Gelson, which seems to be a very impartial combination of the two patronymics above mentioned. The hero of *'A Heart Twice Won,'* the gentleman, in fact, who is fortunate enough to lose his heart twice in two volumes, is a handsome and rich young guardsman, named Reginald Douglas. On his return from the perils and glories of the Crimea he hastens to visit his widowed mother at the watering-place, and speedily strikes up an acquaintance with a dangerous and fascinating young woman, whom nobody knows, but who may be described as "the charming young widow he met in the train." In very truth, however, she is not a widow, though for certain reasons of her own she gives herself out as such. Reginald goes to see her every day, listens to her ravishing performances on the harp, and ultimately gets entirely finished off by an exciting equestrian incident on Welland Common. In the mean time Mrs. Churchill (for such is the supposed widow's name) cares nothing for her lover: first, because the conquest has been too easy; and, secondly, because she is attached to some roulette-playing scoundrel at Baden. She encourages our hero, nevertheless, partly for the sake of his company, and partly because his wealth and generosity enable him to make her very elegant presents. But when Reginald is about to make his proposal, an old weather-beaten uncle very luckily comes home from India, and recognizes Mrs. Churchill as a woman separated from her husband and bearing the worst possible character. As he fears that his nephew's infatuation may make all remonstrances useless, he calls on Mrs. Churchill privately, and effectually frightens her away from Malvern by intimating that he possesses information which may have an unpleasant effect on her future prospects. Nothing can exceed Reginald's despair at this catastrophe; and as Mrs. Churchill, by an accidental interchange of letters, unintentionally makes him acquainted with her real character, he feels how grossly he has been duped, and ceases to believe in the virtue of woman. Thus, the first act of the drama is rather melancholy, but the second is much more exhilarating. Reginald at first believes himself to be a broken-hearted man, and cares for nothing. He is persuaded, however, to go abroad, and at Nice he meets an old friend named Fenham, who introduces him to a pretty cousin. The result may be very easily anticipated. Douglas begins by degrees to find out that beauty and honesty may be combined, and thinks that if his heart had not already been annihilated it might have found a happy home in the affections of Violet Maitland. The first step has thus been made; and as Fenham very prudently avoids pushing the matter, and invariably agrees with Reginald when he says that he never can love again, the seared heart, out of mere contradiction, feels a rebellious desire to prove that it is not so very far gone after all. Another horse manœuvre is now brought into play. Violet is rescued with difficulty from being carried down a precipice by a frightened steed, and in a last moment of consciousness (*i. e.*, just before fainting) she casts a look of beaming love on her courageous deliverer. So Reginald is "finished off" again, and the heart is "twice won." This is a simple little story, and

has no very startling incidents; but perhaps it is not the worse for that. The old uncle from India is amusing, and Fenham more amusing still. The little passage of arms, in which Violet cleverly rebukes her lover for expecting a virgin heart, when he brings in return only a secondhand and battered affection, is decidedly good. The early part of the book is "slow," and the mock auction (where Reginald amuses his mother by pretending to sell his own photographs) is very childish. But the finishing chapters show that Miss Stevenson has capabilities, and we imagine that hard work may enable her in time to take a good position among lady novelists.

Rosa: a Tale of Spain in the Seventeenth Century. By Derwent Tremorne. (Ward & Lock).—Those who like to sup full of horrors, and hear details of physical torture, may here have their heart's desire. *'Rosa'* is a tale of the Spanish Inquisition, and the torture chamber is revealed in all the horrors which the author's roving and imagination combined can supply; as a story, it is incoherent, and as a work of literature, it is utterly worthless; the strongest Protestant feeling could not carry a reader through the pages of this ghastly narrative, which the author, in the Preface, declares "to have been written with the object of presenting to the reader a picture of the results of Rome's priestly tyranny."

Meran Stories.—[Meraner Novellen, von Paul Heyse]. (Berlin).—We are glad to welcome Paul Heyse back to the field in which he is most successful. The delicacy of touch, the acuteness and penetration which distinguished his earlier stories, have not deserted him now that he attempts a larger scale, and brings a more ample current of narrative incident to break the calmer surface on which he was wont to disport. There is a sadder tone throughout this volume, only too well explained by the unfortunate circumstances of the author's visit to Meran. He accompanied his young wife, the daughter of Franz Kugler, to try if the mild climate and the grape-cure would restore her; and he saw her gradually dropping into the grave under the fatal influence of consumption. It is natural that such thoughts should give a melancholy tinge to all his writings, and that he should dwell almost exclusively on subjects of a gloomy or at best a sober cast. But he brings such an accession of strength to his task, such increased boldness in the choice of characters and situations, and such vigorous strokes to sketch them in, that the old reproach of being artificial, the poet of the studio, can no longer apply to him, nor can the harshest of English critics accuse him of insipidity. Of the three stories in this volume, the first, which is called *'Incurable,'* deals with a young maiden from the North of Germany, who has been told plainly by her doctor that she is in the last stage of consumption, and has been sent to Meran to try and linger through the winter. She makes the acquaintance of another incurable, a young man from Vienna; and the two young people, who are condemned to die before the spring, employ their last winter in this world in striking up a sort of incurable friendship. Meran, of course, is scandalized; but where is the harm? Anyhow, the sequel is easy. The young man has a brain-fever, which cures his incurable consumption, and the young maiden finds that she never had a consumption at all; that her friendly doctor sent her to Meran to avoid her stepmother and her unhappy home, where she was gradually becoming a martyr; and that so far from being fit to die, she is very fit to marry. Thus, the friendship which was begun in the sight of death, and with the prospect of being continued on the other side of the grave, becomes a marriage under the legal formula of "till death us do part," and the lovers hope that even death shall not divide them. The third story is called *'The Vinekeeper,'* and introduces us to some phases of the life of the Meran vineyards. During the grape season the keepers watch night and day, and frays between Austrian soldiers who come to steal grapes and the keepers who are responsible to their masters for the number of the grapes under their charge, are very frequent. But though the story is named from the occupation in which we find the hero at the beginning, the chief part of the narrative leads us away from the vine-

yards, and the whole web is rather complicated, without presenting such great attractions as to provoke us to unravel it. The second story, called 'The Children's Sin the Father's Curse,' is in reality the gem of the book; but this, too, is related with such skill, and the threads are interwoven with such intricacy, that it is difficult to tell it shortly. The scene is artfully laid, amid the grandest beauties of Meran, on the slope of the mountains, and on the verge of a deep ravine that plunges into the valley of the Adige. This ravine is almost dry in summer, but when the snow melts in spring, or when hail and storm and hurricanes come later in the year, it is filled with an impetuous rush of some liquid, which is too thick to be called water, made up, as it is, of the clay washed down from the sides of the mountains, and rolling along crags, trees, and huge clouds of earth in its fury. The mass pours down into the valley; you feel the ground shaking under you for miles round; and the peasants rush out with cries of "the Naif is coming," and drive away their cattle or even transport their most valuable possessions out of the reach of danger. The turbid stream is a fit exordium to the story; but we are introduced so gradually to the characters who play such a terrible part, and led on by such artful touches into the depth of horror, that we have almost forgotten the Naif when it comes in to complete the catastrophe. We begin with an old misanthropic Colonel, who is walking up the dry bed of the Naif, chipping stones with his geologic hammer, looking on with grim satisfaction at some of nature's works of rapine, and startled into unaccountable horror by the harmless presence of a few ants on his companion's coat. The companion is a romantic young Count, who has been suddenly sickened of life by being jilted, and wants to retire into some hermitage, some old castle on the mountains. The castle is found, and will do very well, a quaint old ruin, tended by an old woman and her granddaughter, the father being always away on some shooting expedition. The Count is somewhat smitten by the girl, finds there is some mystery attaching to her, is repulsed in the most suspicious way by the father, and sees his slight civilities or attentions the subject of furious jealousy. Curiosity as well as interest makes the Count inquire into the mystery of this family. He learns that there was an elder sister, who was attached to a young man much below her, an underling of her father, who was at that time forester in the Val Sugana. This attachment was unknown to the father; the young man did not get on well with him, and was turned out of his post. But after this the elder daughter stole up every night to visit him in a block-hut in the wood, and their stolen interviews, which were perfectly honourable, lasted till the young man was taken by the conscription. He had promised to return to the rendezvous that night, but no sooner were the fatal lots drawn and the recruits enrolled, than an order was published forbidding any of the new conscripts to leave the barracks that night on pain of death. In spite of this, he slipped out, got to the rendezvous, but in coming back he fell down a rocky precipice, and was found there, with his leg broken, by the patrols who were sent in search of him. Not a word of excuse or explanation was to be got from him; he had promised secrecy, and he was shot. About an hour after the execution, a tall, handsome girl came to the room of the young officer who had command of the corps of recruits. She was closeted with him some time; the servant, who was curious to know what was going on, and heard nothing through the keyhole, made some excuse to open the door, and found her on her knees before his master; the master had a strange expression on his face, and thrust the servant rudely out of the room. When the girl came out some time after she imagined she had her lover's pardon, and found he was already dead. Her revenge was horrible. She decoyed the young officer, who had seduced her with the promise of pardon, up to the block-hut, let him sleep on her lap, then tied his hands and feet, carried him with the strength of madness up to a steep rock above, and bound him head downwards to a fir branch, so that his head just touched an ant-heap at the foot of the tree. She herself was found at home laughing hysterically, then breaking out into wild singing, and then muttering

in a low tone, "The ants, the ants; don't drive them off; they are only doing their duty!" And this young man was the son of the old Colonel whom we met at the beginning of the story. Need we tell, after this, what happened to the lover of the second daughter! We prefer to send our readers to Paul Heyse's own pages, as we are conscious that our condensed summary does great injustice to the curious art of the original narrator.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Journal of Summer Time in the Country. By Robert Aris Willmott. Fourth Edition. With Introductory Memoir by his Sister. (Smith).—As "good wine needs no bush," so a work which has passed through three editions and entered a fourth can scarcely require any recommendation to the public. The "Introductory Memoir," however, claims our attention, as it now appears for the first time, and reminds us of the sad and premature termination of poor Willmott's labours. For many years he had suffered from one of the most depressing of bodily afflictions, want of sleep; and at times he could only obtain relief by the use of powerful opiates. A shock which he received in losing, partially at least, the goodwill of a valued friend and benefactor, seems to have preyed upon his mind and aggravated the effect of his physical ailments. For the last year or two he resided partly at the seaside, and partly at Nettlebed in Oxfordshire, being too weak to do much work, and living on a pension of 160*l.* a year, which had been bestowed on him when he gave up the church at Bearwood. He now saw his end gradually approaching, though the precise manner of it could not be known. In January, 1863, he had an attack of paralysis, and from that time his decline was rapid. A partial amendment took place on his visiting Eastbourne in March, but this was only temporary, and he died of sheer weakness and exhaustion, on the 27th of May, 1863. The Memoir is enriched with extracts from his letters, principally those which he wrote from time to time to his mother and sisters. In some of these there is a good deal of humour, and they generally show a playful and lively, but, at the same time, a sincere and devoted spirit. He was passionately fond of the woods and fields, and entered thoroughly into his duties as a country incumbent. He was not the man to mystify his peasant congregation with learned disquisitions; those he reserved for the public who read his books and articles. One of his poorer neighbours once said, after a sermon from a stranger, "You see, Sir, he's for the quality, but you do preach for the poor." There could scarcely be a better testimony of the truthful spirit in which he formed his conception of a rural clergyman's functions. Mr. Willmott's publications were chiefly collections, enriched with explanatory notes and memoirs; but his 'Jeremy Taylor' was an original biography, which elicited warm expressions of admiration from one who had treated the same subject many years before. He also published a collection of his own poems and other original works, including that which is now before us. If these efforts did not place him, in respect of general reputation, in the first rank, they were, nevertheless, deemed worthy of high praise by Thomas Thornton, James Montgomery, and other persons of learning and judgment, whose *ipseissima verba* are faithfully recorded in the Memoir.

Pansie. By N. Hawthorne. (Hotten).—In this little book are the last lines penned by the late American writer, Mr. Hawthorne. They form the first and only chapter of an unfinished novel, and are as minute, touching, delicate and perfect as anything the author ever wrote. The chapter will have wide acceptance. In its way, it is as valuable as the first sketch which an inspired artist might draw,—the noble instalment towards a grand and mysterious picture. All the signs, and therewith the warrant, of a great master may be found in this sketch; if we may so name a portrait that seems to want no touch to render it more finished, or to win with it sympathy and admiration. But the sketch to which we now allude is not that of 'Pansie,' of whom we get but a charming glance, full of promise of the enjoyment that is

never to come. We speak of the one other personage who figures in this exquisite picture, Pansie's great-grandfather, Dr. Dollover, who stands in this composition like a rich, dark, mellow, mystic, and yet real, figure before a grand but gloomy background of a picture by Rembrandt. We cannot give this sketch higher praise. It does not merit less.

Robson. By G. A. Sala. (Hotten).—Could never issued from his old shop in "Burghey Street" a more miserable dramatic biography than this; and they who remember the so-called Lives of Betterton, Booth, and Wilkes, will allow that this is saying a great deal. Mr. Hotten has taken a sketch, written in Robson's lifetime, by Mr. Sala, in an American paper (without sanction, we presume, seeing how recently the actor died, and the critic is on the other side of the Atlantic), and has prefixed to Mr. Sala's three dozen pages, twenty-eight compiled from various sources, to which are signed the publisher's initials. The commonest duties of an editor have been overlooked, and opposing statements are made without any attempt to explain or reconcile them. In one page, the actor's Masaniello is described as an "incomparable performance," a "marvel, such as the public can scarcely hope to look upon again." In another page we are told, "the part was distasteful to him," and 'Masaniello' "had but a brief run." In one part of the compilation, we are informed that the use of stimulants was indulged in, and "the result was a broken-down man at forty." In another part, rumours tending to corroborate these assertions are described as "wholly destitute of foundation." One witness is made to say that Robson's characters in domestic drama will die with him; another, that "Webster, Emery, Addison, could play Daddy Hardacre, or the father in 'The Porter's Knot.'" The only fact that is not contradicted in this book is, that Frederick Robson's real name was Thomas Robson Brownbill. The pleasantest thing in it is Mr. Sala's article extracted from an American journal, and the pleasantest part of that is Mr. Sala's denunciation of those persons whose effrontery is as patent as their dishonesty, and who manifest both by stealing plots and translating pieces, and calling themselves the authors of what they have thus "appropriated." Mr. Sala himself makes a simile, in reference to this process, about gipsies who stain the skin of the children they kidnap, in order to make them non-recognizable; but this simile, too, has been made before. It comes to us from Wycherly, through Sheridan.

Personal Experience of Roman Catholicism: with Incidents of Convent Life. By Mrs. Richardson (late Eliza Smith). Being a Reprint of 'Progress of Biguilement to Romanism,' and 'Five Years a Roman Catholic,' with slight Alterations and Additions. With an Introduction by the Rev. C. B. Tayler, M.A. (Crocker).—The author of the two personal narratives, which are here worked up into one story, appears to be a weak-minded and slightly-educated person who left the Church of her fathers and became a Roman Catholic from no stronger motive than idle curiosity, and subsequently, with no better reason, deserted the Church of her adoption, and returned to a community in the doctrines of which she is far from satisfactorily trained. Women like Mrs. Richardson (late Eliza Smith) are by no means rare; and as it matters little either to themselves or others what may be the religious bodies of which they are from time to time nominally members, we think it impossible to pay too little attention to their restlessness and egotism. The Rev. C. B. Tayler holds an opposite opinion.

The Natural History of the Tineina. By H. T. Stainton. Vol. VIII. (Van Voorst).—This annual volume contains the first part of the genus *Ornix*, and the first part of the genus *Ornix*, the former illustrated by five plates and the latter by three, each plate including three species and from ten to twelve figures. It is characterized by the same careful description, full details of the habits of these tiny objects, and critical accuracy in the determination of the synonymy, and the same beauty of illustration as we have already recorded as belonging to the former volumes. There is also appended to the present volume "a list of the

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Tinea larva" which have hitherto been described in the work.

An English Grammar specially intended for Classical Schools and Private Students, by E. Higginson (Longman), has the recommendation of being composed by a teacher of thirty years' experience. For those who already possess some knowledge of Grammar it may be found a useful aid and guide. It contains all that the author has been in the habit of communicating to his pupils, and all that is required for practical purposes. The materials are well chosen from the best sources, arranged in good order, and expressed in language at once distinct and precise. Those who know anything of Latin and French will derive advantage from the references to those languages. Mr. Higginson makes use of the German in some cases in which the Anglo-Saxon, as being the basis of our language, would have answered this purpose better. We think he is scarcely correct in saying that the indefinite article *a* means *any*. Surely it should be *one*. Nor do we like his explanation of such a sentence as, "the house is a building," which he makes equivalent to *a building*, instead of *in building*. His hints on English composition are excellent, as also his chapter on *shall* and *will*, which in a dozen places places this puzzling subject in a very clear and satisfactory light. The difficulty of the genders of French nouns is well handled in *French Genders and Verbs at a Glance*, by A. Beljaime, B.A. (Hachette). The learner is recommended to compare nouns with adjectives of similar termination, and upon this principle nouns are here arranged, and their genders given in a way that certainly has the advantage of convenience. We cannot discern any special benefit in the arrangement of the verbs, nor do we think it desirable to treat of French Grammar in this piecemeal fashion.—From an American work we have a reprint in *The New Gymnastics for Families and Schools, together with the Dumb-Bell Instructor and Pongyannastikon*, by Dio Lewis, M.D., Boston (Tweedie).

Of Miscellaneous Publications we have to announce *Cornish's Guide to Birmingham and its Manufactories*,—*Confessions of the Faculty*: with Comments, by a Medical Practitioner (Clayton),—*Railway Accidents, comprising the following Papers*: I. *Railway Accidents, their Causes and Means of Prevention*, by J. Brunlees; II. *Railway Accidents, showing the Bearing which Existing Legislation has upon them*, by Capt. D. Galton; with an *Abstract of the Discussion upon the Papers*, edited by C. Manby and J. Forrest (Clowes & Son).—*The Hopley Divorce Case: a Cry to the Leading Nation of the World for Justice and for the Souls of my Wife and Children*, dedicated to Lord Brougham, by Thomas Hopley (Hopley).—*Deuxième Livraison de La France sous le Régime Bonapartiste*, par le Prince Dolgoroukow (Tchorzewski).—*Repertorium Typographicum: Die deutsche Literatur im ersten Viertel des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts, im Anschluss an Hains Repertorium und Panzers deutsche Annalen*, von Emil Weller (Williams & Norgate).—*Deutsche Rechtsprichwörter, unter Mitwirkung der Professoren J. C. Bluntschli und K. Maurer gesammelt und erklärt*, von Eduard Graf und Mathias Dietherr (Williams & Norgate).—and from Messrs. Abel Heywood three Penny Guide-books to *Alderley Edge, Blackpool, and Dunham Park*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Balfour's Troubled Waters, 18mo. 1/6 swd.
Burgin's Pocket-Book, Practical Rules for Modern Engines, &c., 4/6
Church's Guide to Agricultural Chemistry, post 8vo. 4/6 cl.
Cobbins's Child's Compendium, new edit. revised, royal 16mo. 7/6
Cusworth House, by the Author of "Cute," 3 vols. post 8vo. 31/6 cl.
Dawson's Princess, Public Men, & Pretty Women, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/6
De Vette's Mercantile Diet, in Eng., Spanish & French, cr. 8vo. 7/6
Deady's "The Newbury, their Opinions," &c., 18mo. 2/6 cl.
Egmont's Law of Compensation to Land and House Owners, 10/ cl.
Johnson's Our House and Garden, &c., 2nd edit. 12mo. 5/ cl.
Le Page's Petit Musée de Littérature, Prose and Verse, 2v. 12mo. 3/ cl.
Murray's Handbook for Visitors in Paris, fr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Murray's Knapsack Guide for Italy, fr. 8vo. 6/ cl.
Murray's Knapsack Guide for Norway, fr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
New Home, new edit. fr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Prendergast's Mastery of Languages, 8vo. 8/6 cl.
Rose and Kate, or The Little Howards, illust. royal 16mo. 1/6 cl.
Routledge's Every Boy's Annual, 1864, cr. 8vo. 5/ cl. gilt.
Savage's Reuben Medico, new and cheaper edit. cr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Savage's History of Methodism, Vol. 2, 3/6 for 2 vols. in 1, 6/6, cl.
Stories of "My Duty towards my Neighbour," cr. 8vo. 2/ cl.
Tangled Talk, an Essayist's Holiday, post 8vo. 7/6 cl.
Thompson's Ann Stuart's Miscellaneous Poems, fr. 8vo. 5/ cl.
Tennyson's Recollections of a Tradesman, cr. 8vo. 7/ cl.
Williams & Simmonds's Engl. Commercial Correspondence, 4/ cl.
Wilson's Sermons for the Very Young, 12mo. 4/6 cl.
Wiley's Illust. Catalogue of Birds' Eggs, Pt. 1, imp. 8vo. 31/6 swd.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

(Copy.)

To the Members of the Anglo-Biblical Institute.

DEAR BROTHER MEMBERS.—As a knowledge of the Sense in which the words *Eternal* and *Everlasting* are used in Holy Scripture is essential to a comprehension of Divine Revelation, and as much difference of opinion is now expressed respecting the Sense in which these words are there used, I purpose submitting to your consideration a few observations upon the subject.

These words often in Holy Scripture have relation, *only*, to the duration of what has been *effected*, and not at all to the duration of what has been the *Cause* of such *Effect*;—and this even in the places where there is mention only of the duration of such *Cause*. Thus where it is stated in St. Jude that the Sodomites "are set forth as an example, suffering the sequence of eternal fire;" the fire to the Sodomites, if they were *annihilated* by it, was, as to them, *Eternal*; they never did, or never will behold it not continuing to exist; and the example of its having been to them productive of such an *Effect*, is the same as to us; but the example of its being such as to its own duration, has no existence to any one to whom this scripture is addressed, although what is stated specifies *alone* the duration of the *Fire*, which is *alone* the *Cause* of what has been *effected*. Thus the Qualification *Eternal* does not here relate to the duration of the *Cause*, but to the duration of its *Effect*.

Hence it is quite consistent with the language of Holy Scripture that in the statement in St. Mark of "The worm that never dies, and the fire that is never quenched," the *dying* and the *quenching* does not relate to the duration of the existence of either the *worm* or the *fire*, but to the duration of their *Effect* on the party effected by them. To him that is *annihilated* by them, their existence, in the language of Holy Scripture, is *Eternal* or *Everlasting*, even though his cognizance of that existence was confined to a few Minutes, or even Seconds.

But the Sense of *Everlasting* and *Eternal* can never be decided until the Facts Revealed respecting Man's Nature be first determined. Does Holy Scripture *Reveal* that Man, under all circumstances, is an *Immortal* Existence, or that he is capable of *Annihilation*? We read John iii. 16 that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Perish is here used to express a state opposite to *Ever living*, that is, *not for Ever living*, or *being Annihilated*; and it is never used in any other Sense. God, then, gave his Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not be *Annihilated*.

Thus Holy Scripture *Reveals* that man is capable of *Annihilation*; and yet that it is true to state that he *Endures* him, That he *never dies*; That the fire of his punishment is *never quenched*; and that both his Punishment and his Joy are *Eternal* and *Everlasting*.

In Holy Scripture language no Joy can be designated *Eternal*, of which in itself, or in its *Effects*, Man does not *Eternally* partake. I remain, Dear Brother Members, ever truly yours,

17, Fenchurch-street, Sept. 6th, 1864.

H. G. MAN HEINFETTER.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

Phillimore Gardens, Sept. 5, 1864.

IN an article which appeared in the *Athenæum* of Sept. 3 (p. 310), honourable mention is made of Jackson's horse. The *his*, however, between that horse and a horse of Jackson's may be said to be *ad hoc* *sub judice*.

In saying "Jackson's horse," we use, what I have ventured to call ('An Inquiry into the character and origin of the Possessive Augment,' p. 9) the *mixed* possessive augment. It is an *augment*, because, like the augment in Greek verbs, it lengthens, either syllabically or temporally, the word to which it is annexed. It is *possessive*, inasmuch as the effect of this addition is, to impress a possessive quality upon the connexion between Jackson and the horse. It is *mixed*, since the augment here, besides investing Jackson with the character of possessor, exercises the function of a genitive case, in fixing the syntactic relation in which Jackson stands to his horse, which relation, in the absence of this mixed, this *double-action* augment, could only have been denoted by the prepositional genitive *of*.

On the other hand, in the expression "a horse of Jackson's" the syntactic relation between Jackson and his horse being already sufficiently indicated by the prepositional genitive, the subjoined 's constitutes a *pure* (see 'Inquiry' p. 3) possessive augment, so denominated because it is introduced for the sole purpose of investing the word to which it is attached with a possessory character. From the circumstance of the augment's being so restricted, its peculiar character is more distinctly developed, and its operation, its possessiveness, becomes more intense. It is more unequivocally his horse. Jackson's horse identifies the horse—a horse of Jackson's identifies the owner. In this seems to lie the real difference of effect in the two phrases, Jackson's horse and a horse of Jackson's.

If from the latter phrase it could be inferred that Jackson was the owner of several horses, such an inference would not be the consequence of the presence, or of the position of the possessive augment. It would be due simply to the presence of the indefinite article. A horse, *i. e.* one horse, of Jackson's, is a form of expression which would be seldom adopted unless Jackson were believed to be the owner of more horses than one. That the effect is produced solely by the presence of the indefinite article is obvious, when it is considered that if the phrase used were "That horse of Jackson's is dead lame," it would not be inferred that Jackson

had other horses, or another horse with four sound legs.

Less and lesser are not always convertible. We say the lesser, not the less Bear, the lesser, not the less Asia. Nine is less, not lesser, than ten—less, not lesser, than the least of the saints.

J. MANNING, Q. A. S.

Brookwood Park, Alresford, Sept. 5, 1864.

In the last *Athenæum* Mr. Attwell says that "a horse of Jackson's" is equivalent to "a horse of Jackson's horses," "as a cow of mine means one of my cows." I think that this is quite clear. For our indefinite article *a* or *an* is simply a corruption and contraction of "one"; which is a corruption of the Latin *unus* or the Greek *iv*, as these are of infinitely more ancient Eastern ancestors. But at the present moment all European nations (except ourselves), the French, German, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese would say "one lady is one angel." A lady is an angel is the English. Why? Because all English people agree to contract one into *a* or *an*. And *a* or *an* is, as Mr. Attwell would say, "useful and elegant" English. So are phrases with three possessives, as, it is one of hers, a friend of ours, it is no fault of yours, it is a trick of theirs. So are both lesser and less, and reliable, and mob from *mobile vulgus*. And if, by King Custom's decree, "awfully jolly" should become "useful and elegant," we must submit, though we may think some of these examples better or *wisener* than others. The English language is what the English people choose to speak. But it has its rules, and I do not think that we should differ from those rules more than by custom we are compelled.

GEORGE GREENWOOD, Colonel.

HARMONY IN ITALY.

Naples, Aug. 30, 1864.

THERE is a real or intended revival in everything in Italy, in Art as well as in Politics,—and next month we are to have, in Naples, the first Italian Musical Congress. The history of its conception and maturity is but little known; and it is due to the "Circolo Artistico Musicale Bonaparte," and to the indefatigable gentleman who presides over it, to say a word on the subject. It is now upwards of a year since this association was formed, on the broadest principles, for encouraging musical talent, and assisting those who were engaged in the profession. Almost every one of musical celebrity in Naples is a member of the Circolo, besides a number of pupils who receive gratuitous instruction from the ablest masters. In short, it is an association based on the principle of mutual instruction, and much has already been done for the development of talent that, otherwise, would never have been heard of, and for the direction of the public taste. During the first years of its existence, the Circolo Artistico Musicale has given many concerts, which have been attended by crowded audiences, and at which there has been a highly creditable display of vocal and instrumental talent. At length it occurred to the energetic projector of the society to extend the field of his operations, and summon an "Italian Musical Congress," to meet in the month of September, in Naples. Invitations were sent out far and wide, and it is satisfactory to say that they have been responded to with much enthusiasm. Most of the Italian musical colleges will be represented; that of Padua was the first to reply, and many of the Italian artists, now in other countries, will be present. And it is not the musical world alone that has taken under its protection this idea of a Congress, for M. Salamanna offers every facility to those coming to Naples for this object by her railways, whilst the Company of Florio do the same by their steamers. The 17th of September will form, therefore, an epoch in the history of music in Italy, and may be the commencement of the age of a revival. It is of good augury that, in speaking of the coming Congress, the Neapolitans lay aside that tone of pretension which generally characterizes them, and acknowledge the decline, if not degradation, of music in the peninsula. "Let us restore," says a writer, "the edifice of Italian musical Art which, through neglect, threatens to fall into ruin, which, through our exertions, and in such a mode,

will be restored to a new life of glory!" Considerable exertions are being made to render the theatrical season, not more brilliant than usual, which would be very easy to do, but really very brilliant. San Carlo has been closed for some time for decoration, and it is, we hear, to be lighted with gas. The new "Impresario" is Signor Prestreau, who is well fitted for an arduous undertaking. Mesdames Emilia La Grua and Luigia Perelli are spoken of as the *prime donne*, and MM. Mirate Sirchia, De Capello and Tasca as the *primi tenori*. The *primi baritoni* and *bassi* are MM. Bassini, Guicciardi and Atri, whilst Madame Laura Caracciolo is the *contralto*.

The Impresario is under an obligation to place on the stage two operas at least, one of which must have been written expressly by an eminent *maestro*, and the others must be new to Naples. The Maestro Petrella has received a commission to write the new opera, which will be entitled 'Bianca Capello.' The opera never before represented in Naples will be, it is believed, the 'Faust' of Gounod. H. W.

LETTERS FROM HOME, A.D. 1440.

Interesting and useful as the English historical chronicles which have been printed under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls have proved to general readers and students, some disappointment may have been felt at the circumstance that, with one or two exceptions, the volumes already published have not so largely illustrated past social history as was desirable and as might have been expected. How it has gone with kings and such-like august folk; how warriors have sped in the field; how bishops have borne themselves in their dioceses; and how the people have suffered, struggled, triumphed, or died; of all these and similar matters we have had ample and welcome allowance. How questions stood between us and "our adversary of France" we have repeated and interesting statements; how controversies went on between convents and the crown, we have learnt with much edification, and sometimes amusement; but we have been less liberally instructed as to the nature and quality of the intercourse maintained between English homes, more especially between the barriers in England and the sons, brothers, or lovers who were taking part in the wars waged in France by the English kings, or who were gaining, or at all events striving after fortune, by carrying on commercial pursuits in France while their customers on both sides were fighting like the dauntless fellows that these records prove them to have been. A sample of this intercourse is, however, afforded us in the second volume of the 'Letters and Papers illustrative of the Wars of the English in France, during the Reign of Henry the Sixth, King of England,' edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson. We have already noticed the first volume of these Letters (*Athen.* No. 1749, p. 588), and in our review of Mr. Stevenson's edition of the 'Narratives of the Expulsion of the English from Normandy' (*Athen.* No. 1895) we have carried the subject to finality. We may, therefore, here simply record the appearance of this second volume of the Chronicles of the Wars with a word of cordial approval. We will not, however, close the book without placing before our readers the copies of two letters which it contains, and by means of which we are enabled to obtain a glimpse into an English home of the year 1440. The letters speak for themselves, and need no introduction.—

"Letter from Isabella Milles to William Milles, merchant at Rouen, upon family affairs.

Worscheffulle and right enterly welbelovyd sone, I commande me unto you with alle my herte, desyringe alle tymes to here and knowe of youre good prosperyte and welfare, whiche I praye to Almyghty God send you ever after youre owene hertes desire, to His plesauce. And ples hit you to knowe of my welfare; the daye of this letter makynge I was in good helthe of body, blessed be oure Lorde Gode. Furthermore, I lete you wytte that youre fader ys dede, whiche passede of this worlde at Cresmasse was xij. yere; on whos soule Almyghty Gode have mercy, for his heye Godhede!

Also William Myles youre uncle, and Janet Brokhamptone, youre suster, ben dede bothe, on whos saules Gode have mercy! And Richard Milles youre brother, and Jonet youre suster, ben alyve and faren welle, and recomaundethe hem unto you with alle here hertys. And Cristyan Artoure, youre cosyn, lyvethe and farethe welle, blessed be Gode. And also I lete you wytte that the place in Corylonde, and which scholde falle unto you by dessent after deses of youre fader forsayde, ys seyside into the cheffe lordes handes of the fee for defaulte of claym of you; the whiche youre friendes wolde have sewede out, yf they hadde wist or knowen that ye hadde been alyve. Wherefore and hit plesse you to wryte youre letters of attorney unto Thomas Macheldever and to Johne Wydecombe, my hosebende, dwellynge in the parische of Mertoke in Somerseshire, to sewe for the seyside place in Corylonde in youre name, and also a letter of youre wylle what schal be done therto, and they wollen bothe done here trewe dyligence therto with alle here hertys, with oute feynynge. And, righte worscheffulle sone, I bespeke you of alle geteneltesse, and hit plesse you, to sende me a letter of youre welfare, and how hit standyth the with you, the wheche I hertely desyre to knowe, as Gode wote, wheche have you in His blessed kepyng, to his plesauce evermore duryng. Wryten at Mertoke forsayde, the iij. day of Septembre. By youre moder, ISABELLE MILLES. (Dorso.) To my ryghte worscheffulle and enterly welbelovede sone, Wyllyam Miles, dwellyng at Rone, be this letter take in haste."

"Letter from Sir Robert Laidamis, parson of Saint Martin's of Wareham, to William Myles, merchant at Rouen, upon family and personal matters.

Worsyffulle and reverent frend and mayster, Y recomande me to youe wyth alle my hert, desyringe to here and to knowe of youre welfare by letter, how hit stonndyth wyth you. Doynge youe to understand that ye and Y where scollfeaus sumtyme at Hylmyster, ye beyng at borde at More ys howse, the whyche ye recomaunde me to youe. Also, Y praye youe that ye wolde be gode mayster and frend to me for a mylstone, for Y have ypray John Penylle to by one for my mayster. Wherefore Y praye youe that ye wylle be gode mayster and frend there to. Also Y praye youe that ye wylle sende me worde, yn the most secre wyse, what yt costyth; for trwly Y wulle chentilymanly auyte youre labour by that nex messangere that comyth by twyne youe and me. Also yff ye wulle sende eny worde to youre modyr, sendyth to me to Warham, and Y wulle trewly do youre erant. Nomore to youe at this tyme, but the Wholy Trynity have youe in ys kepyng. Wytryte at Warham, the Monday nex byfore Sent Mathew ys day. Also Y have ysende youe to letters for youre modyre wyth this letter. By youre owne frend, Sir ROBERT LAIDAMIS.

Parsons of Martyne of Warham.

(Dorso.) This letter be take to M. Wyllyam Myles, dwellynge yne Rone."

Both the above letters reached Master Milles, at Rouen, on the 16th day of October, according to the indorsement made by the English merchant settled there. The incidental mention of the death of Paterfamilias, who passed from this world "at Christmas was twelve year," shows that the widow had recovered from her grief, and that her intercourse with her son had not been regular, but indulged in only at long intervals. There is some doubt whether the mother of this entirely well-beloved son would have despatched the misative now printed had not his bit of land, of which she had been in quiet enjoyment, fallen into the chief lord's hand; and it is only when she directs him to bestir himself and recover the patrimony that her son discovers the fact, told in so unobtrusive a fashion, of his mother having married again. The priest's letter to his old schoolfellow points to the antiquity of boarding schools, shows that Normandy supplied us with mill-stones, and that a curate called his rector "my master"! In the last respect the times have wonderfully changed.

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES.

(No. XIX. 1849-1850.)

Notes on the Kinematic Effects of Revolution and Rotation, with reference to the Motions of the Moon and of the earth. By Henry Perigal, Jun. Esq. London, 1846-1849, 8vo.

On the misuse of technical terms. Ambiguity of the terms *Rotation* and *Revolution*, owing to the double meaning attributed to each of the words. (No date nor place, but by Mr. Perigal, I have no doubt, and containing letters of 1849 and 1850.) The moon controversy. Facts & Definitions. By H.P., Jun. London, 1856, 8vo. (pp. 4.)

Mr. Henry Perigal helped me twenty years ago with the diagrams, direct from the lathe to the wood, for the article 'Trochoidal Curves,' in the *Penny Cyclopædia*; these cuts add very greatly to the value of the article, which, indeed, could not have been made intelligible without them. He has had many years' experience, as an amateur turner, in combination of double and triple circular motions, and has published valuable diagrams in profusion. A person to whom the double circular motion is familiar in the lathe naturally looks upon one circle moving upon another as in *simple* motion, if the second circle be fixed to the revolving radius, so that one and the same point of the moving circle travels upon the fixed circle. Mr. Perigal commenced his attack upon the moon for moving about her axis, in the first of the tracts above, ten years before Mr. Jellinger Symons; but he did not think it necessary to make it a subject for the *Times* newspaper. His familiarity with combined motions enabled him to handle his arguments much better than Mr. J. Symons could do: in fact, he is the clearest assailant of the lot which turned out with Mr. J. Symons. But he is as wrong as the rest. The assault is now, I suppose, abandoned, until it becomes epidemic again. This it will do: it is one of those fallacies which are very tempting. There was a dispute on the subject in 1748, between James Ferguson and an anonymous opponent; and I think there have been others.

A poet appeared in the field (July 19, 1863) who calls himself Cyclops, and writes four octavo pages. He makes a distinction between *rotation* and *revolution*; and his doctrines and phrases are so like those of Mr. Perigal, that he is a follower, at least. One of his arguments has so often been used that it is worth while to cite it:—

Would Mathematics—forsooth—
If true, have failed to prove its truth?
Would not they—if they could—submit
Some overwhelming proofs of it?
But still it totters *proffess*! Hence
There's strong presumptive evidence
None do—or can—such proof propound
Because the *dogma* is *unsound*.
For, were there means of doing so,
They would have proved it long ago.

This is only one of the alternatives. Proof requires a person who can give and a person who can receive. I feel inspired to add the following:—

A blind man said, As to the Sun,
I'll take my Bible oath there's none;
For if there had been one to show
They would have shown it long ago.
How came he such a goose to see?
Did he not know he couldn't see?
Not he!

The solar system truly solved; demonstrating, by the perfect harmony of the planets, founded on the four universal laws, the Sun to be an electrical space; and a source of every natural production displayed throughout the solar system. By James Hopkins. London, 1849, 8vo.

The author says:—

"I am satisfied that I have given the true *laws* constituting the *Sun* to be *space*; and I call upon those disposed to maintain the contrary, to give true *laws* showing him to be a body; until such can be satisfactorily established, I have an undoubted claim to the credit of my theory.—That the Sun is an *Electric Space*, fed and governed by the planets, which have the property of attracting heat from it; and the means of supplying the necessary *pabulum* by their degenerated air driven off towards the central space—the wonderful alchemy in which it becomes transmuted to the revivifying necessities of continuous action; and the central space or Sun being perfectly electric, has the counter property of repelling the bodies that attract it. How wonderful a conception! How beautiful, how magnificent an arrangement!

"O Centre! O Space! O Electric Space!"

1849. *Joseph Ady* is entitled to a place in this list of discoverers: his great fault, like that of some others, lay in pushing his method too far. He began by detecting unclaimed dividends, and disclosing them to their right owners, exacting his

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fee before he made his communication. He then generalized into trying to get fees from all of the name belonging to a dividend; and he gave mysterious hints of dangers impending. For instance, he would write to a clergyman that a legal penalty was hanging over him; and when the alarmed divine forwarded the sum required for disclosure, he was favoured with an extract from some old statute or canon, never repealed, forbidding a clergyman to be a member of a corporation, and was reminded that he had insured his life in the — Office, which had a royal charter. He was facetious, was Joseph: he described himself in his circulars as "personally known to Sir Peter Laurie and all other aldermen"; which was nearly true, as he had been before most of them on charges of false pretence; but I believe he was nearly always within the law. Sir James Duke, when Lord Mayor, having particularly displeased him by a decision, his circulars of 1849 contain the following:—

"Should you have cause to complain of any party, Sir J. Duke has contrived a new law of evidence, viz., write to him, he will consider your letter sufficient proof, and make the parties complained of pay without judge or jury, and will frank you from every expense." I strongly suspect that Joseph Ady believed in himself.

He sometimes issued a second warning, of a Sibylline character:—

"Should you find cause to complain of anybody, my voluntary referee, the Rt. Hon. Sir Peter Laurie, Kt., perpetual Deputy Lord Mayor, will see justice done you without any charge whatever: he and his today. — The accused of Moses can hang any man: thus, by catching him alone and swearing Naboth spake evil against God and the King. Therefore I admit no strangers to a personal conference without a prepayment of 30s. each. Had you attended to my former notice you would have received twice as much: neglect this and you will lose all."

Zadkiel's Almanac for 1849. Nineteenth number. Raphael's Prophetic Almanac for 1849. Twenty-ninth number.

Reasons for belief in judicial astrology, and remarks on the dangerous character of popish priestcraft. London, 1849, 12mo.

Astronomy in a nutshell: or the leading problems of the solar system solved by simple proportion only, on the theory of magnetic attraction. By Lieut. Morrison, R.N. London (s. a.), 12mo.

Lieut. Morrison is Zadkiel Tao Sze, and declares himself in real earnest an astrologer. There are a great many books on astrology, but I have not felt interest enough to preserve many of them which have come in my way. If anything ever had a fair trial, it was astrology. The idea itself is natural enough.

A human being, set down on this earth, without any tradition, would probably suspect that the heavenly bodies had something to do with the guidance of affairs. I think that any one who tries will ascertain that the planets do not prophesy: but if he should find to the contrary, he will of course go on asking. A great many persons class together belief in astrology and belief in apparitions: the two things differ in precisely the way in which a science of observation differs from a science of experiment. Many make the mistake which M. le Marquis made when he came too late, and hoped M. Cassini would do the eclipse over again for his ladies. The apparition chooses its own time, and comes as seldom or as often as it pleases, be it departed spirit, nervous derangement, or imposition. Consequently it can only be observed, and not experimented upon. But the heavens, if astrology be true, are prophesying away day and night all the year round, and about every body. Experiments can be made, then, except only on rare phenomena, such as eclipses: anybody may choose his time and his question. This is the great difference: and experiments were made, century after century. If astrology had been true, it must have lasted in an ever-improving state. If it be true, it is a truth, and a useful truth, which had experience and prejudice both in its favour, and yet lost ground as soon as astronomy, its working tool, began to improve.

1850. A letter in the handwriting of an educated man, dated from a street in which it must be taken that educated persons live, is addressed to the Secretary of the Astronomical Society about a matter on which the writer says "his professional pursuit will enable him to give a satisfactory reply." In a question before a court of law it is sworn on one side that the moon was shining at a certain

hour of a certain night on a certain spot in London; on the other side it is affirmed that she was clouded. The Secretary is requested to decide. This is curious, as the question is not astrological. Persons still send to Greenwich, now and then, to have their fortunes told. In one case, not very many years ago, a young gentleman begged to know who his wife was to be, and what fee he was to remit.

Sometimes the astronomer turns conjurer for fun, and his prophecies are fulfilled. It is related of Flamsteed that an old woman came to know the whereabouts of a bundle of linen which had strayed. Flamsteed drew a circle, put a square into it, and gravely pointed out a ditch, near her cottage, in which he said it would be found. He meant to have given the woman a little good advice when she came back: but she came back in great delight, with the bundle in her hand, found in the very place. The late Baron Zach received a letter from Pons, a successful finder of comets, complaining that for a certain period he had found no comets, though he had searched diligently. Zach, a man of much sly humour, told him that no spots had been seen on the sun for about the same time—which was true,—and assured him that when the spots came back, the comets would come with them. Some time after he got a letter from Pons, who informed him with great satisfaction that he was quite right, that very large spots had appeared on the sun, and that he had found a fine comet shortly after. I do not vouch for the first story, but I have the second in Zach's handwriting. It would mend the joke exceedingly if some day a real relation should be established between comets and solar spots: of late years good reason has been shown for advancing a connexion between these spots and the earth's magnetism. If the two things had been put to Zach, he would probably have chosen the comets. Here is a hint for a paradox: the solar spots are the dead comets, which have parted with their light and heat to feed the sun, as was once suggested. I should not wonder if I were too late, and the thing had been actually maintained. My list does not contain the twentieth part of the possible whole.

April 1850, found in the letter-box, three loose leaves, well printed and over punctuated, being

Chapter VI. Brethren, lo I come, holding forth the word of life, for so I am commanded. . . Chapter VII. Hear my prayer, O generations! and walk by the way, to drink the waters of the river. . . Chapter VIII. Harken o earth, earth, earth, and the kings of the earth, and their armies. . .

A very large collection might be made of such apostolic writings. They go on well enough in a misty—meant for mystical—imitation of St. Paul or the prophets, until at last some prodigious want of keeping shows the education of the writer. For example, after half a page which might pass for Irving's preaching—though a person to whom it was presented as such would say that most likely the head and tail would make something more like head and tail of it—we are astounded by a declaration from the *Holy Spirit*, speaking of himself, that he is "not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." It would be long before we should find in *educated* rhapsody—of which there are specimens enough—such a thing as a person of the Trinity taking merit for moral courage enough to stand where St. Peter fell. The following declaration comes next—"I will judge between cattle and cattle, that use their tongues."

The figure of the earth. By J. L. Murphy, of Birmingham. (London and Birmingham, 4 pages, 12mo.) (1850?)

Mr. Murphy invites attention and objection to some assertions, as that the earth is prolate, not oblate. "If the philosopher's conclusion be right, then the pole is the centre of a valley (!) thirteen miles deep." Hence it would be very warm. It is answer enough to ask—Who knows that it is not?

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

AT the moment of going to press we receive from Sir John F. W. Herschel a copy of a circular addressed to him, requesting his signature to a Declaration on the delicate subject of Science and Religion; also a copy of a letter which Sir John has sent to his correspondent, declining, for reasons

stated, to sign such a Declaration. The papers arrive too late for insertion this week; but we announce the fact of their receipt, because we know that thousands of inquirers will be glad to hear that so eminent a man as Sir John Herschel has raised his voice against this effort to degrade scientific bodies into hostile sects.

Bath, the pleasant city of Beau Nash, promises to be as busy and attractive a place during the session of the British Association next week as in its most brilliant days. This year, however, it will reverse the old character. Folly, it may be hoped, will be little seen, and Wisdom—if not her sprightly sister, Wit—will be exhibited at full length. Sir Charles Lyell will preside, supported by a goodly list of Vice-Presidents,—namely, the Earl of Cork, Marquis of Bath, Earl Nelson, Lord Portman, the Dean of Hereford, the Archbishop of Bath, Mr. Tite, Mr. Way, Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Sanders. The Presidents and Secretaries of Sections will be: Section A, Mathematical and Physical Science—President, Prof. Cayley; Secretaries, Prof. Stevelly, Prof. H. J. S. Smith, Fleeming Jenkin, Esq., and Rev. G. Buckle. Section B, Chemical Science—President, W. Odling, Esq.; Secretaries, Prof. Liveing, A. Vernon Harcourt, Esq., and Robert Biggs, Esq. Section C, Geology—President, Prof. J. Phillips; Secretaries, H. C. Sorby, Esq., W. Pengelly, Esq., W. B. Dawkins, Esq., and J. Johnston, Esq. Section D, Zoology and Botany, including Physiology—President, Dr. J. Edward Gray; Secretaries, E. Perceval Wright, Esq. M.D. F.L.S., H. T. Stainton, Esq. F.L.S., and C. E. Broome, Esq. Section E, Geography and Ethnology—President, Sir Roderick I. Murchison; Secretaries, T. Wright, Esq., Clements R. Markham, Esq., Capt. R. M. Murchison, and W. C. Bates. Section F, Economic Science and Statistics—President, Dr. W. Farr; Secretaries, F. Purdy, Esq., E. Macroray, Esq., and E. T. Payne, Esq. Section G, Mechanical Science—President, J. Hawkshaw, Esq.; Secretaries, P. Le Neve Foster, Esq., and Robert Pitt, Esq. A Sub-section of Physiology will be proposed in the General Committee, Wednesday, September 14, under the presidency of Dr. Edward Smith, F.R.S.; Secretaries, W. Turner, Esq., and J. S. Bartrum, Esq. The geographers have caught and caged a real lion in Dr. Livingstone, who, on Monday evening, will rehearse his recent travels and discoveries in Africa. A number of very pleasant excursions will be made from the city, the country around Bath abounding in delightful rides and drives. Badminton and Bowood lie within easy railway reach, with their noble parks, old camps, Druidical remains, and the fine White Horse, near Calne. Wells is only nineteen miles, and Glastonbury three miles beyond Wells,—and this is an excursion to be made at any cost. Salisbury and Stonehenge are rather too far for one day's trip. Farley Castle is worth the short drive on account of its chapel. The railway cutting from Bath to Bristol is an object of scientific interest, equally attractive to the geologist and the engineer.

A committee, comprising, amongst others, Messrs. J. H. Foley, F. Y. Hurlstone and J. Woolner, has been formed for the purpose of placing a suitable monument over the tomb of William Behnes, and of presenting a bust of the deceased sculptor to the country. These memorials are assuredly not more than are due to a man of unhappy life, but of original and productive genius.

Mr. A. W. Bennett has enriched his collection of photographic books by 'The Ruined Castles of North Wales.' The illustrations are seven in number; five of these being by Mr. Bedford. Mr. Ambrose has prettily caught a corner of Harlech Castle, and Mr. Sedgfield has copied the bridge front of Conway Castle. This is all that need be said. Mr. Bedford's work is of a superior class, and is worthy of a better place than it has found in the company of such very poor letter-press.

The large room in St. James's Hall is now occupied nightly by Mr. J. H. Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," who, after an absence of seven years, commenced, on Monday, the exhibition of his various magical devices. We did not remark much novelty in his illusions, and some to which

we had been accustomed were omitted. The series, however, is exciting and amusing. He still preserves the dramatic arrangement, by which several tricks are conducted together, and which suspends and sustains the general interest. The clairvoyant scene, formerly transacted with his wife, is now performed by his daughter, an intelligent young lady, who spells words backwards with facility. The room was crowded with persons whose faculty of wonder must have been abundantly gratified.

Mr. J. McGrigor Allan has addressed a letter to Mr. Mudie, which letter has, at least, two curious points in it. Mr. Mudie, it is said, declined to admit Mr. Allan's last novel, 'Father Stirling,' into his library, "on the ground that the subject was not suitable for a novel"; but intimated to the author that, "if he would write a novel which could be put into the hands of young people," he (Mr. Mudie) "would circulate it, and make some compensation for the rejection of four of Mr. Allan's books." Surely there must be some misunderstanding here. Mr. Mudie may have declined to buy Mr. Allan's works, as he had a perfect right to do, but it seems incredible that Mr. Mudie should apply to an author to write books for young people after rejecting four of his works on the ground of their being ill calculated for that ingenious public!

That well-known place of exhibition the Colosseum, Regent's Park, is to be removed, to make way for a crescent of houses, and a large depositary for goods.

At the gathering called the Eisteddfod—or the National Oysterfest, as we heard it pronounced by a cockney—which took place the other day at Llandudno, a noteworthy incident in the history of Welsh literature occurred. We allude to the introduction of a version of 'Hamlet' into Welsh, which is, we believe, strange to say, the first time that any play of Shakspeare has been translated into that language. Let us express a hope that it may be published. It will be at all events a curiosity, and it may prove something better.

We are asked to state that the publisher of 'Alice Hythe' is Mr. Skeet, not Mr. Newby, as announced.

The following curious statistics appear in the Report of the Scottish Registrar-General of Births, Deaths and Marriages, and illustrate the effect of town life on the human race. The officer in question says: It is a well known fact that a residence in towns weakens the vitality of persons living there. This, as yet, has chiefly been attempted to be proved by demonstrating the much larger amount of sickness and death which annually result in a town population as compared with one residing in a rural district. But the proportion of births to the marriages, and, better still, the proportion of births to the married women at the child-bearing ages, demonstrates the fact in as pointed a manner, while it is not liable to many of the objections which might be urged against the ordinary modes of proving that fact. The insular and mainland rural districts gave a result absolutely identical, only requiring 302 wives, from 15 to 45 years of age, to produce 100 children within the year; while the wives residing in the town district had their vitality so deteriorated by their town residence that it required 333 wives to produce 100 children.

When Tartini in a dream heard Satan playing a very pretty air, *con fuoco*, on the violin, he very properly stole it, but honourably gave it to the world as the *Devil's Sonata*. The world has had other curious pieces of music. Earthquakes have been arranged in score, and battles fought o'er again by military bands. Indeed it would consume too much space were we to narrate all the subjects that have been illustrated by music. The most singular of all, perhaps, is the *sonata* descriptive of the hanging of the five pirates at Newgate. It is by Dr. Liezt's old assistant, now Father Herman, a preaching and playing friar, who has recently given his *sonata* at Brussels. For effect's sake, only one of the rascals is said to be a Catholic, and the music expresses the very pleasant condition of his soul, contrasted with the sufferings ("sostenuto," no doubt,) of the heretic buccaneers, whose souls are sent to

Gehenna in terrible discords, while the orthodox villain floats to Paradise from the gallows amid the most thrilling harmony and the most ecstatic chords!

An Archæological Society for the central provinces of India is in course of formation, and to be affiliated to the Asiatic Society of Bengal.

It is really raising new manuscripts. A receipt in Tasso's handwriting has just turned up, and been sold in Paris. When Tasso was about to visit France, in 1570, he drew up a paper in the form of a will, in which he made record, among other matters, of "my effects which are in pawn to Abram for twenty-five lire." The new manuscript professes to be the receipt given to the Jew for the money, and runs thus: "I, the undersigned, acknowledge to have received from Abraham Levy, twenty-five livres, for which sum I have pledged a sword of my father's, six shirts, and two silver spoons." This document bears date March 2nd, 1570, which according to our present mode of reckoning, would be 1571, at which time Tasso had returned to Italy from his French trip. We take it that the genuine receipt would have borne date March 1569, unless Tasso himself dated it incorrectly. It was never before known of what the pawned effects consisted. We do not now despair of seeing in the market Tasso's receipt to Ascanio, for thirteen scudi received for the seven pieces of pledged tapestry.

The barbaric custom of duelling, still so unfortunately prevalent on the Continent, has had a new victim, and this time one of no small significance. Herr Ferdinand Lassalle, the philosopher, the politician, the poet, died at Geneva on the last day of August, in consequence of a duel fought with a Wallachian Prince; the bullet had lodged in his abdomen, and all the efforts of distinguished physicians from Germany and Zurich, who had been summoned to his bedside, and never left it to his last moment, proved useless. His death has caused a painful sensation in the widest circles, and even his enemies, who form a large body, confess that a great power, an eminently active life, has passed away with him. His numerous friends and followers are shocked that he, the thorough scholar of Greek philosophy, the celebrated author of 'Herakleitos der Dunkle,' a book of which Alexander von Humboldt and Varnhagen von Ense, in their correspondence, speak with high respect, should have submitted to the brutal laws of duelling; they ask, why he did not mind the wise saying of one of the seven Greeks on whom he lectured a few years ago: "the souls which we two put at stake are of too unequal value." Lassalle was born at Breslau, in Silesia, in the year 1824; his father, a much-esteemed, well-to-do merchant, had destined him for the same mode of living, and had sent him to Leipzig, to visit the commercial school of that city. But young Lassalle felt far more attracted by the great poets of classical antiquity; he had too eagerly sipped already from the fountain of knowledge at the Frederic College at Breslau, and often when he was discovered poring over his books, he had to listen to the despairing exclamation of his teacher, "Ah! you will never be a merchant." Having come very likely to the same conclusion, he changed the commercial school for the University, and devoted himself entirely to philosophical and philological studies, which he continued afterwards at Berlin. Here he became acquainted with Humboldt and Boeckh, who soon detected his unusual intellectual powers and his knowledge, and honoured the young man with their friendship. About that time he won a sudden reputation and popularity by a clever speech at the Rhenish Assizes. Having embraced the part of the lady in the *cause célèbre* of the Countess Hatzfeld, he had been accused, with others, of having stolen a box belonging to the opposite party, and containing papers of the highest importance to the Countess. The case is still well remembered in those parts, as that of the famous "Cassetten-Diebstahl." He defended himself in a speech, which, besides carrying his name all over Germany, had for result, that he was acquitted by the jury. He remained the solicitor and administrator of the Countess's affairs, till, years afterwards, her lawsuit had ended favourably. During the years

of the Revolution, in 1848-51, he did not compromise himself, but he stood a faithful friend to those who had done so, and not unfrequently the poor fugitive found a temporary shelter under his roof. Nor was he quite inactive, but kept up a small brisk warfare with Government, which often made him taste the sweets of a prison. His versatile mind was not idle during the time of reaction. It was then that he wrote his book on Heraklitus, as well as a copious work on the philosophy of law, 'The Theory of Acquired Rights,' which were warmly acknowledged by the learned world. Even as a poet he tried his powers, and did not fail; his tragedy, 'Franz von Lickingen,' is clever and contains passages worthy of a true poet. During the two last years of his life he had thrown all the energy of his faculties into a movement which had already assumed large dimensions. This agitation was on a social scale, without, however, in the least interfering with the regulations of the State. So far from it, his enemies pretended that he acted as a tool of Herr von Bismark. His friends justly argued, that the ambition of a man of Lassalle's extraordinary powers, would not stop at being a mere tuft-hunter. Besides, he had fame, he had wealth—what could Herr von Bismark have tempted him with? His intentions towards the working men, who crowded by thousands round his flag, were no doubt good and honest. A funeral service was held for him in the Temple Unique, at Geneva, attended by crowds of people, and headed by General Klappa, Philipp Becker, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Ducommun.

MR. MORBY'S COLLECTION OF MODERN HIGH-CLASS PICTURES is ON VIEW at the Royal Exchange Fine Art Gallery, 24, Cornhill. This Collection contains examples of Philip, R.A.—Staunfeld, R.A.—Roberts, R.A.—Goodall, R.A.—Cooke, R.A.—Ward, R.A.—Maclean, R.A.—Pickersill, R.A.—Dobson, A.R.A.—Cooper, A.R.A.—Leighton, A.R.A.—Childers, A.R.A.—Sant, A.R.A.—Linnell, sen.—P. Nasmyth—Holman Hunt—Erskine Nicol—Cole—Duffield—Miss Mutrie—Meissner—Gérôme—Gallait—Willens—Frère—Verbeeckhoven, &c.—Admission on presentation of address card.

SCIENCE

A Treatise on Logic; or, the Laws of Pure Thought: comprising both the Aristotelic and Hamiltonian Analyses of Logical Forms, and some Chapters of applied Logic. By Francis Bowen. (Cambridge, U.S., Sever & Francis; London, Trübner & Co.)

THE echoes of our logical controversies begin to find their way across the Atlantic. The study of logic is rising in the United States, as in England. The words "some" and "all" have established themselves in America in all that mysterious importance which attaches to them in England, where they are sifted, and saturated with distinctions, and held in suspension by arguments, and precipitated on propositions by systems, until the unlearned reader perhaps feels inclined to take a phrase from Susan Nipper, and say "I am quite sick of it; I say to some and all, I am!"

In spite of all this, logic will thrive among the thinking, and will be laughed at by the rest, until its perfect re-establishment as a branch of education: and then it will share the blind admiration which the other great branch of exact science receives from those who know nothing about it. This science has not had fair play for the last two centuries; but so many now begin to see what it is, and why it is wanted, that the dawn of the last thirty years must brighten into day.

The Hamiltonian controversy is at present silent, waiting for Mr. Spencer Baynes, Hamilton's accredited pupil and former substitute, who has undertaken to show, in opposition to Prof. De Morgan, that Hamilton did not mean to employ his *own new* form of "some" in his *own new* system of syllogism. Mr. Bowen takes no notice of this point, of which, perhaps, he has heard nothing. Those of our readers who remember the correspondence which appeared in our columns at the end of 1862 may take

some interest in learning what has occurred since. Mr. De Morgan's paper in the *Cambridge Transactions* was printed in May of last year, and was published in the usual preliminary way; that is, author's copies were distributed among those whose names are best known in the subject. In this paper is an "Addition" relating to the correspondence above mentioned. Over and above the points which that correspondence treated, Mr. De Morgan produced Hamilton himself as a witness, in a new and curious form (*Discussions*, 1st ed. p. 631*, second ed. p. 686). Hamilton proceeds to consider the opponent's criticism on his own "peculiar scheme of syllogistic and propositional forms," the two things being thus coupled in one phrase. In this reply, Hamilton supposes Mr. De Morgan to be applying the new "some" to the new forms of syllogism: to this he makes no objection, but proceeds to argue the application. The opponent had never heard of Hamilton's new theory of "some," which appeared for the first time in print in the very answer of which we are speaking. But Hamilton's head was so full of his new theory that he quite forgot to remember that the opponent could know nothing about it. According to Mr. Baynes, the substance of the answer should have been, "You are supposing that I apply the new *some* to the new form of syllogism, which I do not"; but it really was, "You are not correctly using the new *some* which you correctly suppose you ought to use; for you are saying things of it which are only true of the old *some*." All this we take from Mr. De Morgan, saying nothing about it, one way or the other, except this, that if he quote and interpret correctly, his case is made out. But we must hear what Mr. Baynes has to say on the subject before we can decide, if we can do as much even then. In logic, as in everything else, the simplest things are always the hardest to settle.

Mr. Bowen writes on the old logic, with a long digression on Hamilton's system. He varies his course by occasional remarks on what is going forward, and has produced an able and an interesting work, which a little compression and attention to conciseness would improve. We are inclined to surmise that he has not paid much attention to the history of logic. But his greatest fault is a tendency to inaccuracy, of which we shall give some instances. He takes it that Hamilton would not have worked up as much as he did of his own system, if it had not been for the quantification controversy. But under his eye must have been the appendix to the lectures on logic, from which it is clear enough that very little, if anything, was done after the controversy commenced.

Mr. Bowen, in giving the old and well-worn instance of syllogism, "Man is mortal, Socrates is a man, therefore Socrates is mortal," makes a remark on the useless and puerile character of the instance. He then justly says that any supposition which throws real doubt on the case makes the syllogism lose its frivolous aspect and become grave and pertinent. He then supposes a case, and misses the point. He supposes the Athenians to have made the same mistake with respect to Socrates as they afterwards made with respect to Paul and Barnabas. Now how stands the matter? The Athenians are to take Socrates for a god, and are to be undeceived. Mr. Bowen's grave and pertinent syllogism is, Man is mortal, Socrates is a man; therefore Socrates is mortal. We know all that, answers the Athenian: if man, he is mortal, of course; but we say he is not a man. If some zealous Jovian had then and there killed Socrates, he might have syllogized to the pur-

pose: No god is mortal; Socrates is mortal; therefore Socrates is not a god.

Mr. Bowen says that a logician's idea of quantity is not the same as a mathematician's; the first being never numerically definite, the second always so. He then adds, "Perhaps, if Mr. De Morgan had kept this fact steadily in view, a good many of his attempted innovations in Logic might have appeared, even to him, irrelevant." Here is a confusion between the assertion of the *opinion* that logical quantity ought to differ from mathematical, and the *fact* that most logicians think so. No one has kept the fact more steadily in view than the opponent to whom reference is made: that fact is his fox, and no huntsman comes to think the chase irrelevant by merely keeping his fox steadily in view. If Mr. Bowen mean that by keeping the opinion in view as a true opinion, he would think numerical quantification irrelevant to logic, his assertion is quite true; for any one who holds that nothing but indefinite quantity is logical, must hold that definite quantity is irrelevant. Again, Mr. Bowen is utterly in error as to such an opinion destroying "a good many of his attempted innovations." The incorrigible syllogism-spinner to whom he alludes has given six systems. In four of them, the onymatic syllogism, the exemplar syllogism, the syllogism of transposed quantity, and the syllogism of indecision, the quantities are those of ordinary logic. In the syllogism of pure relation the same, so far as quantity enters. In one only, the numerically definite syllogism, is there anything to which Mr. Bowen's assertion applies.

The chapter on fallacies is agreeable and instructive. We find in it an amusing addition to our stock of suicidal propositions. Every rule has its exceptions; then this rule itself has its exceptions—that is, there are rules without exceptions. Mr. Bowen quotes Sir James Mackintosh to the effect that universal scepticism is a contradiction in terms, a belief that there can be no belief. This, however, is too much; scepticism means doubt; and a man may doubt about every maxim, and this itself doubtfully. Scepticism implies leaning towards both affirmation and negation; or towards neither: it is the doctrine of the even chance.

MEDICAL BOOKS.

On Change of Climate. By Thomas Moore Madden, M.D. (Newby).—There can be no question amongst those who have had the opportunity of trying it of the beneficial effects of change on the human body and the human mind. "A change of work is as good as play," is an old saying; and certainly the change which some of our friends take at this season of the year is more like a change of work than a change from work to play. Change, then, alone, is allowed to be a good thing, and the author of this book points out the advantages of a change of climate. We may make all sorts of changes in the same climate, but the point to which he wishes principally to direct attention is the beneficial effects of a change of climate. We have often pointed out in the *Athenæum* the deficiency of satisfactory evidence with regard to the nature of the benefits derived by diseased persons from a change of climate. There is a general impression that people with consumption are better in warm climates. The question we want solved is, Is it the warmth that does the good? Are people in warm climates less liable to consumption than those in cold? We are sure this question has not been answered scientifically. But then we must do something. There is an impression that change is beneficial; and taking that for granted, the next question comes, What is the best place to go to? and what had we better eat, drink and wear? Now such a book as Dr. Madden's is very opportune for persons thus placed. He writes most agreeably about climate, and with a large amount of knowledge of what other people have

written. He has also been to most of the places he describes, and his book combines the advantage of a guide with the personal experience of a traveller. To persons who have determined that they ought to have change of climate we can recommend Dr. Madden as a guide.

Stimulants and Narcotics: their Mutual Relations. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D. (Macmillan & Co.).—This book is one of much more consequence than its name would lead the reader to suppose. It is not a mere discussion of the action of stimulants and narcotics according to received therapeutical notions, nor is it a jejune attempt at giving a new explanation to old facts and terms in the light of modern chemical and physical research. Dr. Anstie starts with the view of obtaining a recognized definition of the terms "narcotic" and "stimulant," and pursuing his way through a whole host of writers and observers, from Plato and Aristotle down to Dr. Todd and Dr. Smith, he shows how varied have been the views and how really unsatisfactory is our knowledge of the way in which substances called by the general terms narcotics and stimulants act on the body. In order, if possible, to prepare the way for a better comprehension of the nature of the action of these substances, Dr. Anstie enters upon the question of the nature of life, and hesitates not to seek for an explanation of the phenomena presented in stimulation and narcosis by an investigation of the real nature of all vital phenomena. In this inquiry he enters into an analysis of the action of food generally on the nervous system, and also of a large number of medicinal agents. It is, however, in his original experiments on the action of ether, alcohol and chloroform that we see most of the original observer, and find those observations which must place this volume in a much higher position than medical books written for the mere purpose of drawing attention to the author. Dr. Anstie has written a book because he really had something of importance to communicate both in fact and thought; and no student of medicine who is anxious to arrive at the truth with regard to the action of the remedies which he recommends from day to day can fail to be interested in this volume. Dr. Anstie belongs to a school of rising physicians who are determined to throw off the trammels of the schools, and to make their practice accord, not with the traditions of the fathers of medicine, but with the sound discoveries of physiological science.

Lectures on Epilepsy, Pain and Paralysis. By Charles Bland Radcliffe, M.D. (Churchill).—It is now a well-known fact that during the action of the muscles certain electrical phenomena take place. These phenomena, to which Galvani first drew attention, have been studied carefully by Matteucci, Du Bois Raymond, and others, and are now made by Dr. Radcliffe the basis of his views of the nature of epilepsy, paralysis, and many other diseases of the muscular and nervous systems. These electrical phenomena are highly interesting in a scientific point of view, as they reveal to the student of nature another instance of that condition of physical and vital forces, a knowledge of which is doing so much for the advancement of the science of physiology. In studying the simple facts which present themselves in the contraction of muscle, Dr. Radcliffe endeavours to discover the processes which must be adopted to cause those irregularities of action to which the muscular system is subject. He regards muscular contraction as the result of the attractive force resident in the muscular tissue, and believes this action is controlled, kept in fact from acting, by nervous force. Directly the nervous force is suspended the muscle acts. It is healthily suspended in the ordinary action by the muscle, but disease is present when the nervous force is incompetent to its work. Hence, the treatment of these diseases is founded on the necessity of restoring the nervous force to vigorous action. A stimulant treatment is recommended in many diseases where formerly antiphlogistic measures were supposed to be the only remedy. Dr. Radcliffe's lectures contain much original thought, and deserve the attentive study of medical men.

The Essentials of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By A. B. Garrod, M.D. (Walton & Maberley).—This is a capital book on Materia

Medica for men engaged in practice. It just gives so much information about the nature, action, and doses of medicines as a medical man wants. The present edition is very much enlarged,—it is, in fact, almost a new book, and it contains all the new medicines and preparations in the recent 'British Pharmacopœia.'

SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Sept. 5.—F. P. Pascoe, Esq., President, in the chair.—J. Bladon, Esq. was elected a Member.—Mr. E. W. Janson exhibited four beetles hitherto unrecorded as British, viz.: *Eurygaster sinuata*, Erichs., *Leptusa analis*, Gyll., *Aleochara spadicea*, Erichs., and *Homalota notha*, Erichs.—Mr. Dunning exhibited larvae of a Noctua (*Agrotis segetum*, or *A. exclamatoria*?) which had been sent to him from the East Riding of Yorkshire; the sender had had 150l. worth of turnips entirely destroyed by a host of these caterpillars. Numerous similar instances were reported from various parts of the country.—The Rev. H. Clark exhibited a specimen of *Buprestis cellata*, a native of Central India, which had been captured on ship-board between Mauritius and Madagascar, and upwards of 50 miles from land: it was suggested that the beetle had probably been bred on the ship.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a collection of Coleoptera and Lepidoptera taken during the present year in Syria, by Mr. B. Lowne.—Prof. Westwood mentioned that he had been recently informed of a disgusting practice which was said to prevail in the parks of London, viz., that lice were purposely placed upon the public seats, with the view of compelling the public to hire the chairs which certain persons, for their private advantage, were allowed to let out at a small charge.—Mr. Tegetmeier made some observations on the correspondence which has recently appeared in the public press on the subject of bees, and exposed many of the gross errors into which 'The Times Bee-master' had fallen.—Lieut. R. C. Beavan communicated 'A Few Remarks on the Tussock Silk-worm of Bengal.'—Prof. Westwood read a paper entitled 'Descriptions of New Species of Sagrines and Megalopides of the Old World and Australia.'—The Rev. H. Clark read a paper entitled 'Descriptions of New Species of Schematiza, a Genus of Gallericidae.'

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
Wed. British Association.

FINE ARTS

The Church and Fortress of Dover Castle. By the Rev. John Puckle, M.A. With Illustrations. (J. H. & J. Parker.)

THE old church of "St. Mary-at-the-Castle" is, "except the Pharos, the most remarkable and primitive fabric that remains on these historic heights" of Dover. The period of its erection on a site of strength and security, like that of the Roman entrenchment at Dover, is not certain, but Mr. Puckle assigns very good reasons, pleasantly and instructively conveyed, for fixing, approximately at least, the date of the building to about the middle of the fourth century, "during the gracious years of peace, when the Imperial power in Britain was falling to decay, and Britain's weakened masters were on the point of abandoning the colony." Mr. Puckle thinks it may have been built as a British martyrs' memorial church. Under Eadbald, second Christian King in Kent, St. Mary's-at-the-Castle took something of a collegiate form, and remained under the administration of canons till the beginning of the eighth century, during all which time a portion of the edifice seems to have been set apart for an especial service for the garrison, by the military canon or chaplain for that purpose expressly provided. After the capitular system had come to an end, three ecclesiastics seem to have taken the spiritual charge among them, each for the benefit of inmates of the fortress of various ranks; but the church never lost its

own degree of parochial character; and the suffragan bishops of Dover, who, of course, were not Lords of Parliament, probably had some jurisdiction in the matter of preferments in the church "of the parish of the Blessed Mary within the Castle at Dover." The days of the suffragan bishops came down to the beginning of the seventeenth century. Before this last period had arrived, however, other changes occurred. In Henry the Eighth's sweeping measures with regard to the Church generally, St. Mary's seems to have been treated as a dependency of the Crown; two of the three chaplains were dismissed, but he who remained was not called, as heretofore, "parson of the parochial church within the Castle." In the Great Rebellion, this one garrison chaplain disappeared, but the church seems to have all but gone before him. Leland speaks of the church as "a chapel, in the sides whereof appear some great Briton bricks." Soon after, came some tasteless restorations, but the church gained neither strength nor beauty thereby. As it fell to ruin, no repairs were made; the process was merely in walling up; and the course of ruin was accelerated when, in the days of trouble, the church ornaments and effigies were destroyed, the roof was carried away, and nine feet deep of earth flung in by way of burying what remained. At the Restoration, the Castle chaplain was re-appointed, but the Castle church had nearly gone out of sight, so complete and rapid had been the ruin. In later days, an excavation was made, with no more enlightened purpose than getting space for a government fuel depot. All semblance of a church had altogether passed away, when two or three years ago, the late Lord Herbert of Lea, War Secretary, authorized proceedings which have resulted in the restoration of this very ancient church to much of its pristine beauty, its early object, and its religious purposes. In the course of exploration and reconstruction, many fragments of the old time were turned up to view, but none of them so interesting as the one described in the following extract:—

"While examining the floor with a view to the future security of the renewed building, we came upon a curiously coloured spot of earth, on the left side of the nave, where the east gable, or chancel-arch, of the original little church had been, and about two feet below the original ground-line. This proved to be the pulverized remains of an oak covering, within which—bedded in the oak dust—reposed a small shapely leaden coffin, trefoil-headed, measuring 4 ft. 8 in. in length by 18 in. across the shoulders. The soldering was so perished that the lid was loosened at the sides, and its raising disclosed a military-looking figure in extraordinary preservation; the short brown hair, whisker, moustache, and beard were perfect; there was even the integument and muscular fibre of the face and hands remaining, preserved by a costly embalming, such as one only reads of in regal or similarly distinguished interments. The aromatic condiments retained all their power; a tiny portion being put on a trowel and lighted, spread a delicate perfume through half the body of the church. The condiments had been used in lavish quantity; the head (sawn asunder for the purpose) was filled with them, and they seemed to saturate the body, as well as fold after fold of broad fine linen in which it was swathed; the linen remaining complete in texture, though in substance black and attenuated as tinder. Though of so small a stature, there had been no deformity in this person; it was a soldierly figure, and fairly proportioned form. There was no trace of masonry, or even a grave, round the spot. The leaden kyst, with its oak case, had been merely laid down within two feet of the old floor level; by the altar, or altar steps, if in days when St. Mary's stood in its small primitive condition; near the font, if in later times; from whence it had clearly been intended to be removed, and elsewhere laid in greater state. Who could this have been? whence brought?

and whither destined? Whose body was marked with so rare and costly a sepulchre, evidently never intended to have remained here, but to have been carried to some other resting-place at a day which never arrived? I will not attempt to mention the many guesses that have been made; none of them as yet with enough evidence to support them."

This little hero left no armour to preserve his memory like the second Louis of Hungary's panoply in the imperial Zeng Haus, at Vienna, the dwarf wearer of which tiny suit was as precious as he was short, for he was born before he was welcome, was married before he was twelve years old, entered on his teens and the duties of paternity on the same day, was a little grey old man at sixteen, and died in extreme antiquity at the age of twenty. We hope that Mr. Puckle's little friend in the appropriate short brown moustache and beard will yet be identified. In the church in which the little soldier lies, the worship of God has been restored, through a pecuniary vote of the House of Commons. The authorities of St. James's have given back the old communion plate which belonged to the old parish church in the Castle, and although the ancient bells were taken down and orders given that they should be sent to Portsmouth, they never went further than to the village church tower of St. Margaret's-at-Cliffe; and thereof have the country-side folk made the pleasant observation that though the places are a hundred miles apart, "Portsmouth bells can be heard at St. Margaret's in Kent." And so endeth this interesting story of a church, which forms only a part of one of the most agreeable and instructive books that ever dealt with an antiquarian subject.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—One of the most important of the acquisitions of the British Museum, comprised in the recent purchase of the remains of the Farnese Collection of sculptures from the ex-King of Naples, is a figure of Mercury, much resembling the so-called statue in the Vatican, but which has not suffered mutilation of its hand.

The Report of the Society of Wood Carvers states the prosperous condition of the art during the past year to have been due to the increased demand for decorative works of the kind its members produce arising from the International Exhibition of 1862, and the beneficial effect on public taste of the Society of Arts, Kensington Museum, and the Architectural Museum; also to the strenuous efforts now being made to elevate the condition of the art-workman by inculcating a true and healthy appreciation of art-work, regarding which wood-carvers have yet much to learn, and will require much patient study and perseverance in order to enable them to take their place, as they should do, in the front rank of the art-workmen of our country. The demand for stone-carvings has induced many who previously practised in wood to transfer the exercise of their skill to that material.

On Saturday last the memorial statue of Sir G. C. Lewis, which has been erected in front of the Shire Hall, Hereford, and is the work of Baron Marochetti, was unveiled by the Premier, in presence of the local authorities and friends of the late author and minister. This work is of bronze, seven feet six inches in height, and stands upon a pedestal of granite. On the sides of the pedestal are inscriptions setting forth the name and offices of Sir George, with the dates of his birth and death. The new buildings of Christ Church College, Brecknock, have been opened. These buildings are attached to and have been incorporated with the old Decanal house and chapel which previously existed on the site, and the restoration of which and adaptation to the new purpose formed parts of the scheme for the new institution. The erection of a tower over the principal staircase, and of a cloister-like corridor to connect the chapel with the main building, have been unavoidably postponed until the funds of the College permit their construction. This group of buildings now forms a collegiate establishment of considerable dignity and import-

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ance, although still wanting the tower which will be its central and crowning feature, and comprises a school-room with an apsidal end and a library, both of which belonged to the Decanal house, of early thirteenth century work, having eleven lancet windows on the north side, four on the south side, and a large five-light east window; the whole of which are to be filled with glass of an ornamental character, as before stated by us, by Messrs. Clayton & Bell. Some decorations are intrusted to Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Faulkener. The old buildings have been scrupulously restored and the new works erected from the designs and under the superintendence of Messrs. Prichard & Seddon. A prominent feature in the work is the octagonal kitchen, with its steep roof and lantern. The entire cost of the works already executed has been about 10,000*l*.

Mr. G. G. Scott's recommendations with regard to the further restoration of Worcester Cathedral are, in substance, as follows. Our readers will remember that we have more than once called attention to the character of the works carried on in this structure, and that the destruction of the Guesten Hall was an act denounced by students of all grades and not readily to be forgotten. The Guesten Hall was the second hall attached to the Cathedral of Worcester which had an unhappy fate—a third hall yet remains: let us trust, now that a gentleman of high professional position, such as Mr. Scott, has been consulted with regard to works in Worcester, the tide of destruction may be stayed ere the existing hall is torn down. Mr. Scott's remarks are confined to the choir of the cathedral. He suggests that the present screen between the nave and the choir, "being quite worthless as a work of Art, and as an object of antiquarian interest," should be removed, and an open screen substituted. Anciently the choir extended two bays into the nave. He proposes to divide the organ, and place the heaviest portion in a blank bay between the tower-pier and the first arch of the choir, and so reducing the visible bulk of the instrument as to admit of its continuance on the choir-screen, which need not be an obstructive one. He reserves his opinion as to the removal of the canopy-work of Queen Mary's time. He proposes either to leave the reredos alone, bring forward the altar a few feet, and introduce in immediate connexion with it a rich reredos of about the length of the altar-table; or the substitution of a central and rich reredos, flanked on either side by low and very open screen-work. The arches between the stalls and altar-space, Mr. Scott thinks, should be screened by light grilles of metal-work to mark the choir; that on no account should King John's monument be removed. "It has always stood, and it was directed that it should stand, in front of the high-altar." We may ask, was the question of removing this monument submitted to Mr. Scott? If so, as his earnestness on the subject seems to imply, the idea out-Worcester's Worcester. He proposes a rich pavement for the choir, probably of encaustic tiles and marble; adds, that if the present canopy-work be not retained a new bishop's throne will be required; and, in any case, that the sub-stalls and desk-fronts should be new; also a lectern and litany-desk. The vaulting of the Lady Chapel should be decorated with colour by the best artists. It has been proposed to reduce the choir so as to restrict it to the use of the clergy, and to effect this by one of two methods: 1, to move the altar westwards; or, 2, to shorten the choir eastwards,—thus extending the nave into the eastern arm of the cross. Mr. Scott expresses himself in decided opposition to either plan. We may congratulate the architect upon the spirit of the following paragraph:—"I will now add one word more; that the opening out of the nave fully and *bona fide* for congregational use is the essence of my report; that the difference of level offers no kind of hindrance to this; and that I view this as the condition of my own connexion with the work, which would necessarily terminate if this were not to be acted on." The probable cost of these works, including new reredos, grilles for side arches, alterations to the organ, warming, lighting, and decorations of the Lady Chapel, is estimated at between 12,000*l*. and 13,000*l*. The restoration of the tower and north side of the cathedral is to proceed.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.—The change from a land where the day never wholly breaks through a fog, to a country having a climate freshened with healthy airs, and made cheerful by clear sunlight, from the wearying, incoherent noises which pass for mirth and discourse in Bedlam, to exciting and elevating companionship with poets and artists, is not greater than the contrast betwixt the uncouth sounds of the late Karlsruhe Festival and the music at our more recent Midland meeting, which has happily driven the former out of our ears, though not out of our recollections: a contrast pervading every detail of organization, every note of the music, setting off the beauty of orderly progress against the unloveliness of wreck and decay. This year, moreover, the Birmingham Festival has been, in our judgment, signally satisfactory; in spite of one or two adverse circumstances which no foresight or sagacity could have provided against. The confusion and delay attending the rehearsals of some of the new music are not to be laid to the door of the Committee. The telegraphed resignation of his engagement by Signor Mario, at the eleventh hour, was another untoward circumstance. But thanks to the carrying out of a sound policy, to the liberality of scale on which everything is arranged, to the predominance of admirable discipline, and to the feeling of goodwill engendered in every honest artist by such a good welcome for his art, such inconveniences and disappointments as these were passed almost without notice, assuredly without serious damage to the interests of a brilliant and prosperous meeting.

Three years ago, it will be recollected, the Birmingham Committee ventured no novelty—unless Beethoven's 'Missa Solennis' could be called one. This time, a plan diametrically opposite has been followed out, with (our contemporaries assured us at a very early period of the week) encouraging result. Yet, as rarely fails to happen, expectation has been here and there "thrown out" by the reality.

The opening of this Meeting will be memorable to all who were present, as presenting probably the most superb performance of 'St. Paul,' as a whole, ever yet given. We have never admitted the justice of German connoisseurship, which rates this oratorio higher than 'Elijah,'—an oratorio, which the disciples of Schumann and Wagner, and the decayers and destroyers, of whose intolerable doings we spoke last week, have agreed to set aside as well meant and shallow,—nothing more. But this Birmingham production of 'St. Paul' (the second time of giving it at the Midland Festival) showed us with a new force and clearness how many admirable inspirations and proofs of scientific mastery over material Mendelssohn's first oratorio contains. Never before did we so thoroughly relish the noble first part; never in our experience were to be heard in such fullness of beauty, and pomp and spirit, the Martyrdom of Stephen and the Conversion of Paul, scenes including the three superb choruses, "Happy and blest," "Arise, shine," and "O, great are the depths." The rendering of these was unimpeachable as to sonority, sensitiveness and precision. The united sound of orchestra and chorus exceeds anything of the kind in our musical recollection, and the effect matched that of a never-to-be-forgotten presentation of 'Elijah' some years ago, in the same place and under presidency of the same conductor. The singers were all at their best, and sang as if inspired. The voice of Mdlle. Tietjens told beautifully in the air 'Jerusalem.' It is impossible to sing or to declaim with more consummate art and feeling the great tenor recitatives than Mr. Sims Reeves did. Madame Sainton-Dolby, too, was excellent; and Mr. Weiss seemed resolved, "so far as in him lies," to do credit to himself by doing honour to the greatest of modern sacred composers. But the music for his voice (the one song excepted) is less grateful than that allotted to the others of the quartet. Nor can it be denied, that though not poor in beauty and rich in science, the second part of this oratorio does not sustain the interest of the first. But the performance was

attended by a crowd of witnesses, and received with unflagging sympathy and enjoyment from first to last. Six pieces were repeated. The work, supposing such an execution of it possible to be repeated, is, we imagine, firmly replaced in the repertory of the Birmingham Festival.

The second novelty 'St. Paul' being almost equivalent to one) was Mr. Henry Smart's *Cantata*, 'The Bride of Dunkerron.' For this Mr. Enoch has arranged one of the Irish fairy legends collected by Crofton Croker, not ill, for music, so far as the words go. His language is often tuneable and fanciful, but the story does not admit of much contrast, being the old tale of the love of a knight for a water-spirit, which proves fatal to both. Of its kind, it hardly equals, in musical suggestion, 'The Erl-King's Daughter,' so beautifully set by Herr Gade (which, by the way, deserves better usage in England than it met at one of the meetings of the Three Choirs). Mr. Smart does not seem to have tried for local colour, in which alone there is some hope of giving variety to a combination so familiar, and so often treated in music. *The Witch of Fife* should mount her broomstick to an air different from that with which the witches start from the *Walnut Tree of Benevento*. The mermaids who dance in the waves round the Skellig rocks have other fascinations than those who bask in the sunny waters which lap the shores of Sicily. That Mr. Smart has not felt this is obvious; there is not a dream of "the Green Isle" in his melodies. Sometimes, as in the first duet, "I heard thy voice," and the *aria*, "Our Home shall be," we have Italian forms; sometimes, as in the Sea-king's *aria*, and the music of the Storm Spirits, combinations which recall Spohr and Mendelssohn. This *Cantata*, like every work from his pen, proves him to be a skilled musician. The close of the final trio, with chorus, would alone suffice to attest this: we know nothing finer in modern music. The Sea-Maidens' Chorus "Hail to thee" (deservedly *encored*) is very elegant; and there is good writing in the *Intermezzo*, though the pertinence of an instrumental movement in the place it occupies escapes us. On the whole, however, the *Cantata* seems to us over-wrought and oppressive. The three songs, all in the couplet form, are too prolonged, and, the bass one especially, too intricately scored. It was impossible to hear this *Cantata* without respecting the talent and training which produced it; but the audience and orchestra of Tuesday evening, by their warm applause and recall of the composer, seemed to be more certain than we were of its taking a permanent place in the stores of English concert-music. It was, on the whole, well performed, considering the intricacies of the score and other drawbacks attendant on its preparation, by which Mr. Smart somewhat endangered himself; the *solo* parts were taken by Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Weiss, who fought manfully with his difficult duties, and Mr. Cummings, to whom this Birmingham Festival may prove what the first 'Elijah' Festival proved to another tenor, Mr. Lockey, namely, the turning-point at which, from second, an artist steps forward to first occupation. He is a real acquisition to our orchestras.

Novelty the third, and most important, was presented on Wednesday morning, being 'Naaman,' by Signor Costa. The production of 'Naaman,' caused great excitement, furnishing another illustration of the justice of Time, to which all who are faithful to themselves and their professions may trust implicitly. Those who, because 'Eli' was not another 'Elijah,' nor like it (the very reason which ought to have engaged favour), denounced that oratorio as a mere "flash in the pan," a flimsy success, &c., have been compelled to cease their cries of qualification and protest. That that first work was (of its school) a sound and a significant one, we felt from the moment of its appearance, a work which a plaudit more or less could not keep alive, a paragraph more or less could not destroy, but which had a reality within itself. The time which has elapsed since its production has brought that conviction to the general world of audiences and musicians. Hence a curiosity favourable rather than malicious as to the fortune which would attend its

composer in that most difficult of ordeals—a second attempt. Signor Costa has not been emboldened by success into temerity. His music, let us say at once, well bears the scrutiny sure to be applied to it, and justifies the expectation raised. Ere considering it in detail, however, a few words have to be said on a matter not to be thrown out of consideration.

We cannot think that Signor Costa has been as fortunate in his second oratorio book, as he was in that of 'Eli.' The subject offered great difficulties to the most practised hand, as coming second after 'Elijah,' which was arranged for, and partly by Mendelssohn with no common art, contrast and spirit. Though the mantle of the great Prophet fell on his follower, the wonders wrought and witnessed by Elisha offer less scope to the artist, than the curse, the conflict with the priests of Baal, the revival of the Shunammite's son, the removal of the drought, the life and death struggle with Jezebel, the dejected wandering in the wilderness, and the celestial vision vouchsafed at once to rebuke and to raise the human minister of Omnipotence. To specify one incident, the restoration of the Shunammite's son comes after the similar miracle wrought by the Prophet who wrestled in prayer on the behalf of the bereaved widow of Zarephath.

Then, the title of this Biblical oratorio, recalling, as it does, one of the manifestations of Elisha's power as a prophet commissioned to bind and to loose, suggests a difficulty in the way of composer and executant. To heal the sick was held as among the most blessed privileges of one commissioned from on high; but it does not follow that physical disease and its relief are desirable subjects for music. The throes and wanderings of mental distemperance will always tempt the artist. There is poetry in the wreck of reason and memory, in the yearnings wild and vain for those who come no more, in the frenzied sense of wrong which stirs the distracted brain to incoherent purposes of vengeance; but the sufferings of the leper are only to be contemplated by an effort to master what is repulsively distressing. In proportion as they are brought home to us, and command pity, they are antipathetic to taste. The Assyrian king is a figure as difficult to treat in oratorio as the consumptive lady is in opera. These points might have been wisely counted up, we think, by Mr. Bartholomew when casting about for a subject. We will not too closely examine the lyrics in which the story is told, there being reasons for gently touching the work of one who has, in his day, wrought diligently, and at worst far better than the versifiers who furnished Handel with his text. When, however, attempting to estimate the value of the musician's labours, it is impossible to reject from the calculation the subject to which they have been devoted, perhaps too inconsiderately.

On Saturday next we may speak of the points of the music, as they came out in performance. To-day, owing to its date among the days of the week, we must restrict ourselves to a record of the effect produced: a success, the instant brilliancy of which, very slightly, if at all, impairs its solidity. Of the twelve pieces *encored* by the President, thereby protracting the duration of the oratorio one hour, three-fourths at least were called for in accordance with the manifest wish of the public, who broke bounds for themselves at a portion of the work where every one might have fancied attention might be flagging, and *would have* the *contralto* song again, and *would have* repeated the brilliant Quartet which occurs close upon the end of the work: than this, few things more jubilant, effective, and lofty, have ever been written. The final "Hallelujah," too, we must not wait seven days to say, is admirable, vigorous, and new. The performance was from first to last superb. The chorus and orchestra played and sang with all their hearts, with a richness and delicacy of execution and expression that left nothing to be desired in the fulfilment of what every one must have felt to have been a labour of love. Too great praise, moreover, cannot be given to the principal singers. Mlle. Adeline Patti, as the Israelite bondmaid, sang through a long part, not containing a single *roulade*, with a purity, intense feeling, and neatness of accent not to be surpassed. In music of

expression lie her real triumphs, and not in the easier *roulade* and *staccato* effects by which she won her public here. Madame Sainton-Dolby has never, in our knowledge, sung with so much finish and deep feeling as in 'Naaman.' Madame Rudersdorff was, as usual, certain and artistic, showing a thorough musical skill possessed by few. Whenever she sings temperately, as on Wednesday, she is an acquisition of the highest value to any musical performance. Nothing, again, could be finer, in their respective characters, as *Naaman* and *The Prophet*, than Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, a tenor and baritone who may challenge Europe,—especially in occupation of this highest class. Lastly, what may be called the two secondary parts in the *septet* of characters, were filled, to a wish, by Miss Palmer and Mr. Cummings. Signor Costa was greeted at the close of the oratorio as such a man and such a musician deserved to be at the close of such a performance; but he will be a happy *maestro* indeed, if even he ever obtain another comparable to it when his 'Naaman' shall come to future hearing.

SURREY.—The dramatic season at this house commenced on Saturday. The interior has been much embellished and improved by the introduction of chairs into the box-stalls, and other conveniences in the pit and gallery, by which the audience are considerably benefited. The public, at length, are beginning to receive the attention from managers to which they have been long entitled; and such changes for the better have been lately made, or are in progress, at most theatres at both ends of the town. A new act-drop, with a medallion of Shakespeare, and a view of Stratford-on-Avon, adorns the stage and does credit to Mr. John Johnson, the artist. The performances opened with 'The Happy Man,' an extravaganza by Mr. Samuel Lover, in which Power once figured as the felicitous Hibernian. *Paddy Murphy* on this occasion was sustained by a *débütant*, Mr. W. Henry Montgomery, late of the Dublin Theatre, with considerable humour and some force. He made a decidedly favourable impression, and excited frequent laughter. The part of *Ko Ket* was pleasingly acted by Miss Estelle Bodenham, who, moreover, introduced a song, which she sang with much effect. The drama of the evening then followed—an old friend, with partly a new name, 'The Savage and Civilization.' The last word of the title has generally sufficed for the bills, but Mr. Anderson probably wished to put a novel face on the matter. This drama deserves notice as the crowning effort of legitimate original production at the East End. We long ago gave its history. The subject is taken from the story of 'L'Ingénu,' by Voltaire, and was suggested to the late Mr. John Wilkins by Mr. Anderson. The prolific author undertook the work on the terms then common at Oriental theatres, and it first saw the light at the City of London Theatre. Since then it has travelled to the New World and Australia, besides having been often acted in England. The writer conceded nothing to popularity, patiently working out his theme through five long acts without the slightest attempt at expediting the action in any scene. It consists of elaborate dialogues, in which Mr. Anderson, as *Hercule*, the Huron, sustains the principal share, and all concerning "civilization,"—what it is, and what it is not. In these dialogues, the ladies are sometimes scientific; and the Huron, who reads prodigiously, frequently philosophical. One lady shows an acquaintance with chemical retorts, another with botany, and another with law and its quibbles; and *Hercule* himself says something concerning "infinite infinitesimals," which Mr. Anderson lets slip from him as if he were not quite sure of the meaning. However, the dialogue, on the whole, is so good, that we are continually haunted with the wish that it were better; that the author had but possessed the leisure to point his sentences with more effect, and to add sparkle to many observations which, on account of their exceeding sobriety, are apt, on the stage, to appear dull. However, good intention is manifest in every line of the composition; and, in this instance, the public has been long content

to take the will for the deed. The part of the Huron exactly suits Mr. Anderson and his declamatory style. The female parts, which abound in this drama, were not so distinctly interpreted as we have seen them. Mrs. St.-Henry made, indeed, a handsome and dignified *Madame Kekabon*, but the character did not exactly come out; and Miss E. Webster, as *Thérèse*, was painstaking enough, but not so vivacious and demonstrative as the original representative of the part. The heroine, *Horéna*, was rendered interesting by Miss Georgiana Pouncefort. Mr. James Fernandez deserves a good word for the spirit which he threw into *Victor Le Bell*; and Mr. Edgar, as *Lascelles*, was sufficiently malignant. The benevolent prior, *Gabriel*, was adequately represented by Mr. E. Green, and *Louis the Fourteenth* adroitly managed by Mr. Walter Chamberlayne. Much depends on the comic parts, the *High Bailiff of St.-Malo* and his Son,—the former played by Mr. Denial, and the latter by Mr. Brutone, with some humour. The dialogue was listened to with profound attention by the audience, who, however, during the fourth act, showed signs of weariness, but the tableau at the close revived their languid attention. The fifth was listened to, perhaps, with some impatience; nevertheless, the curtain fell to much applause, and the principal performers were re-summoned before the curtain. The scenic appointments are all excellent; and the management may be congratulated on having opened their winter season with a revival of solid merit, if not so brilliant in style as would be demanded by a fashionable audience. The entertainments of the evening concluded with the burlesque of 'Fra Diavolo,' by Mr. H. J. Byron, which was well received. Two new performers appeared in it—Miss Jenny Willmore as the *Brigand Chief*, and Mr. Felix Rogers as *Beppo*,—both of whom deservedly gained the suffrages of the audience.

NEW ROYALTY.—This theatre is now under the management of the two Misses Pelham, who re-opened it for the winter season on Monday, with Mr. Planche's comedy of 'Faint Heart never won Fair Lady,' the burlesque of 'Ixion,' and a new farce by Mr. T. J. Williams, entitled 'My Dress Boots.' This piece is a broad example of its kind, and in itself merely a trifle. But it proceeds upon a new interest. The waiter at an inn makes free with a traveller's boots, which he sports at a rustic ball during the night, and replaces in the morning. One of the boots is detained by a jealous husband, who suspects the traveller, a professional vocalist, of serenading his wife, and who, in the end, is accepted as the daughter's lover. The company has been strengthened by the engagement of Mr. J. G. Shore and Miss F. Clifford; the former appeared in Mr. Planche's comedy as *Ruy Gomez*, and the latter as *The Duchess*. The theatre was well attended, and the audience appeared thoroughly gratified with the entertainment provided.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—It is said that the English Opera Company has the intention to present a translation of 'Le Prophète.' This, we imagine, will hardly come to pass, even if Madame Viardot's engagement be brought to bear; Mr. Sims Reeves, to whom the part of *John of Leyden* was offered, having declined the responsibility. In this we hold him wise; the music does not suit his voice, demanding *falsetto* notes, which he is judicious in not giving, and the part being as little adapted to his powers as an actor. There is a rumour, too, that 'Fidelio' will be presented in English, by which, of course, the cause of national music will be bravely furthered, if (and the "if" here includes a knot difficult to untie) a sufficient *Leonora* shall present herself. M. Severini, the young Norwegian tenor, whose success at the Stockholm Opera has been great, and is now in Paris, has been talked of as possibly to be engaged at our English Opera; he is understood to command our language. Meanwhile, Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison may attempt to resume their management of English Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. We fail to see what new elements of popularity such a plan can include, having had too often during

recent seasons such an error. It is with Mr. M. Rand was performed Madame L. Mr. Balfie's Len' at early opposition. Mr. Farnie's chamber (tion, and hand again formed before to form a English O. The E. Llandudno Wynne, I. The princ lech,' by 'Llewellyn spirit and appropriation position themselves so many are glad to more to have out as an increasing the power come to s ing to p ings of necessity in and app barbas were to spouting music, a vented view of real im taken p one of To r have b movement the H familiar must ac to cons some y that so to tran fact w and we to the to the for by (infinit on a A toua distinc some a little Heref available or H worth by M sentes We Licht A five to at the M Prom Thea M. I. T. wisen comp

recent seasons to point out one organic defect of such an enterprise which is not to be mended by time. It is, however, said, that they are in treaty with Mr. Sims Reeves, and that Mr. Levy has been engaged as conductor.

M. Randegger's small opera 'The Rival Beauties' was performed at the Crystal Palace to-day, with Madame Rudersdorff as the principal singer. Of Mr. Balfie's 'Sleeping Queen,' which replaces 'Jessy Lee' at the Gallery of Illustration, we shall take an early opportunity of speaking. The words are by Mr. Farnie. Mr. Macfarren is said to have another chamber *Operetta* ready for the Gallery of Illustration, and Mr. Frederic Clay is about to try his hand again at a small musical drama, to be performed before the Pantomime, which is absolutely to form a main feature in the proceedings of the English Opera Company.

The *Eisteddfod*, this year, has been held at Llandudno. The principal singers were Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Lewis Thomas. The principal composition was 'The Siege of Harlech,' by Mr. Lawrence; part of Mr. Thomas's 'Llewellyn' was also performed. Last year we had opportunity of speaking without restraint of the spirit and peculiar interest of these meetings; deprecating, as behind its time, the exuberant disposition shown by some of those concerned, to hug themselves in petty local successes, represented as so many triumphs of independent nationality. We are glad to see sign of this useless vanity giving way to more generous and universal considerations, glad to have to note what a contemporary has pointed out as a wise step in these Welsh meetings,—an increasing disposition, by way of prize, to award the power and privilege of sending promising persons to study in England. This is better than trying to prop up the barriers of a separate language, of necessity limited in its use. The cry of exclusiveness in an art which has an universal utterance and appeal is, after all, not without a tone of semi-barbarism—whether it be raised, as our readers were told last week, by a fervent German lady spouting a pompous prologue for every bad music, as enacted at Carlsruhe, or whether it be vented by some orator of the Principality with the view of vaunting childish trifles as treasures of real importance, to be carefully preserved, and taken pride in, by all true-hearted inhabitants of one of Great Britain's loveliest districts.

To make record complete, something should have been said respecting the revival of selected movements from Spohr's 'Fall of Babylon,' at the Hereford Festival; this music being unfamiliar, if not new,—deservedly unfamiliar, we must add, because it never was new. On returning to consider the score, after having laid it aside for some years, it is impossible not to feel surprised that so dreary a piece of platitudes could gain ever so transient and feeble a hold on its public. In the fact we have a new proof of England's strength and weakness,—its constancy, for better or worse, to the favourites once adopted, and its surrender to the arts of a plausible and dogmatic advocate; for by such were Spohr's second and third oratorio (infinitely inferior to his 'Last Judgment') imposed on a public more credulous than discriminating. A touch of this old superstition—not altogether distinct from hero-worship—must still linger in some of our musical nooks and corners,—else, had a little-known German composition been wanted at Hereford, the Committee might judiciously have availed themselves of Herr Molique's 'Abraham,' or Herr Reinthal's 'Jephtha,' an oratorio well worth careful trial, or have taken the 'Lazarus' by Mr. J. F. Barnett, if England was to be represented.

We hear of a Choral Festival to be given in Lichfield Cathedral on Tuesday next.

A 'Tonic Sol Fa' meeting, numbering some five to six thousand voices, was held the other day at the Crystal Palace.

M. Julien announces that he will give a series of Promenade Concerts this autumn at Her Majesty's Theatre, undertaking for the appearance there of M. Lotto.

The *Orchestra* informs us that Signor Costa, wiser and more self-respecting than the generality of composers in these days of impatience, will postpone

the publication of his *Oratorio*, with a view, as Mendelssohn did before him, to any reconsideration, which the effect of first performances might suggest. Many a good work has been seriously endangered and its very life perilled for want of similar consideration—the last and most remarkable instance presented itself in 'Mireille.'

The *Orchestra* announces that Mr. Santley, as was rumoured some weeks ago, is engaged to sing in Italian opera at Barcelona during the winter.

So far as we can understand an announcement in the *Gazette Musicale*, M. Féris has been summoned from Brussels to Paris, there to make acquaintance with, if not to superintend the production of, Meyerbeer's 'L'Africain.' The last is no easy task, seeing that the master had the habit of changing, almost to the point of recomposition, his operas while they were in the throes of a nine-months' rehearsal. One hour and a half of prepared, copied and studied music was cut out of 'Le Prophète' a very few weeks before that opera appeared! Here, by the way, it may be told that 'Le Prophète' has got to Melbourne, with Mrs. Lucy Escott (the American lady who was some years ago in England—then a singer with a slight *soprano* voice) in the laborious part of *Fides*.

A new singer (yet another lady from America), Madame Gennetier, is engaged at the Opéra Comique.—A French version of 'Don Pasquale' was to be the first novelty at the Théâtre Lyrique, which opened for the autumn and winter season on the 1st of September.—The music to Molière's 'Psyche,' set before the King of Spain at Versailles the other evening, was by M. Cohen.—M. Carvalho too, we perceive, talks of giving a two-act opera, by M. Cherouvier, who won the Second Conservatory Prize for Rome not long ago.

It is curious to observe that, in proportion as the stock of new French operas dwindles, the number of musical theatres in Paris should be on the increase. The new Théâtre Saint-Germain is to be devoted to opera; the Théâtre Vaudeville is going to help itself out with other music than that of *vaudevilles*, just having opened its doors with Rousseau's 'Devin du Village,' among other pieces. Such are the first-fruits of the emancipation of the theatres from their old classification.

Among the ladies said to be engaged by M. Bagier for his Italian Opera season at Paris is Señora De Biarrote, a native of Spain.

A confusion in last week's notes on the Carlsruhe Festival has to be rectified. Dr. Liszt's *Mephistopheles Scherzo*, for the Pianoforte, so marvellously played by Fräulein Topp, belongs to a series of illustrations of Goethe's 'Faust,' by him. The orchestral *Scherzo*, performed at the last concert, is not the same in another form (as we fancied,—not, it may be recollected, having heard it), but belongs to the elaborate Symphony written by him under the inspiration of Goethe's 'Faust.' We may here, too, correct a slip of the pen—the name of the great Low Country composer should have been printed Rolandus Lassus.

Mr. Gye is said to meditate giving the 'Zauberflöte' next season, with the three sisters Patti as *Queen of Night*, *Pamina*, and (Mdlle. Amalia being still to be heard) *Papagena*.

A Correspondent who addresses the *Athenæum* in consequence of the remarks thrown out a few weeks ago, (p. 251) on musical coincidence, seems anxious to ascertain "the rights and the wrongs" of the airs introduced in the supper-scene of 'Don Giovanni,' and to wish to know how far they may be considered as pirated. We have never entertained any doubt as to the matter. Mozart, we conceive, introduced there the popular opera tunes of his time; one, if we recollect right, by Sarti, from his 'Fra due Litiganti,' one by Martini, a third by Mozart's self, his 'Non più andrai.' That he did not hesitate in borrowing, or using what other men had used, he proved more than once, not to speak of the coincidence with one of Clementi's Sonatas in the *Allegro* of his 'Zauberflöte' overture. The employment of an old German *Corale* in the duet of "the two armed men" (same opera) may be pointed out; and in his 'Figaro,' the well-known *Fandango*, which (possibly a national tune) Gluck had previously, or coincidentally, employed in his ballet 'Dom Juan.'

Mr. Grattan Cooke advertises himself as about to enter the lists of the "entertainers."

A new play by M. Émile Augier (about the most elegant of living French comic writers) has been read at the Théâtre Français.

Mdlle. Luca is about to sing at Berlin in 'The Star of Turan,' a new opera by Herr Wuerst.

Signor Scappa, who some twenty years ago was one of the leading professors of Italian singing in London, died recently here.

M. Émil Chèze is dead. He will be remembered by all who occupy themselves in popular musical instruction as a French professor more enthusiastic than discreet, who conceived that in notation by figures, not the accepted musical symbols, was the one saving faith; and who became controversial to violence when the soundness of his doctrine was questioned and any one ventured to point out that its acceptance must lead to the entire reprint of the library of music,—would be of not the slightest use to the student of scores, and thus virtually involved the necessity of students mastering two alphabets in place of one. To the end of Art's existence there will be no want of empirics, honest and dishonest;—how many of these have we already seen disappear after wasting their lives in fruitless industry!

MISCELLANEA

The New Police Hat.—For the reason that nothing could be uglier than the hat so long worn by the Metropolitan Police, we rejoice in the substitution of the new helmet for that heavy head-covering, which was the most unserviceable article man has known. Human perversity never showed itself so completely as in the construction of the hat in question. Heavy, it afforded little protection from the heat of summer, and, from its want of elasticity, would not fit the wearer closely—hence it could easily be knocked off; and it has been no uncommon thing to see a constable running after a delinquent and holding on his own hat lest it should topple over. How wonderfully useless the thing became in a *mêlée* is shown by this fact as well as by the deaths and fractured skulls of many brave fellows who had been thus mercilessly clad. Habit has accustomed men in general to wearing the ugly "chimney-pot" hat; and, as it is not everybody who requires protection for his cranium against brick-bats and "life-preservers," the extreme lightness obtainable for the article was in its favour; therefore it is little to be wondered at that the same has held its own in popular favour so long as it has done. Nothing of the kind could be more thoroughly unfit, as well as ungraceful in form, than the "hat" of this century; we do not put it to the use prevalent in America, where, it is said, a windy day often reveals a whole scriptorium in the form of pens, ink and paper, discharged from the head-pieces of men, and strewn the roads with ruin. The cavity is sometimes, by Englishmen, filled, it is true, by the wearer's handkerchief—than which a more objectionable place would be difficult to find for it; but it is customarily vacant and useless. Of old, the police so employed the space in question, but experience soon instructed them that to drop the hat was to risk the handkerchief. The glazed top of the police hat was cunningly devised for at least five bad ends,—1, to increase the weight of the garment; 2, to indicate the presence of the wearer to those from whom he might desire to conceal himself; 3, to render the hat top-heavy; 4, to heat the head beneath; 5, to reduce the means of ventilation. It will be observed how wonderfully the evil effect of the first of these ends was enhanced by the action of the third, that of the fourth by the fifth, and—stranger than all—how powerful was the stupidity which invented the second characteristic of a policeman's hat. The new hat, although preferable to the old one, is by no means a success, whether as regards serviceableness or beauty; which last will assuredly follow the perfect adaptation of the article to its function. It seems to us too high in the body, so that the countenance of the wearer is put out of proportion with the black mass above it. This is strongly apparent in the front view, where the upright sides are seen to be ugly, and not in

accordance with the contour chosen by nature when she moulded the face of man, and set out the subtle curves of his cranium above the visage. For this reason we recommend Sir R. Mayne, who is probably not meddled with in so slightly showy a matter as the clothing of his myrmidons, either to study for himself the contours of the human skull, or to consult some intelligent artist who has already done so, so that he may benefit by added knowledge in time for the next supply of hats to the police. The countenances of the "force" would assuredly wear a less lugubrious expression than they do if the serviceable brims of their new "salets"—such is the proper name of the hat now adopted—were made to droop less than is now the case with them; the depressed corners of the mouth of a melancholy constable are intensified in expression by the echo of its form which is produced by his hat's too-much sloping rim. At the same time that this change may be adopted, we recommend that a nearer approach than is at present made by the rims in question to a horizontal line should be secured. These alterations would certainly, as respects structural advantages, afford increased protection to the wearer against blows, and, by diminishing the quantity of material employed, reduce the weight of the garment. We should not advise the reduction of the height of the crest as now worn, but rather the reverse. Above all things else we counsel Sir R. Mayne to eschew the advice of tailors and hatters who are ignorant—as most of them are—of the forms given by nature to the human frame. He need only look at nine out of ten military uniforms to assure himself that if there is a class of men more curiously unfit for the office of clothing its fellow creatures than the professional tailors it is the amateur tailors. Clothing men—an art which calls for profound consideration and long experience, and is second to none in hygienic or artistic importance,—has been the play of ignoramuses and dandies, who have sought rather to please a semi-barbarous fancy in absurdities of decoration than to serve the ends of man in dress.

The Use of the "H" Aspirate.—In Dean Alford's notes on the English language, styled 'The Queen's English,' we find in sec. 55 an attempt to prove that *humble* was pronounced by the translators of King James's Bible with the *h* aspirate, and inferentially that it was so pronounced by correct speakers in 1611. The Dean has adopted the analytical method in order to get at this conclusion. The method of reasoning from internal evidence, in matters of language, is very treacherous. Critics in general, and those who investigate Latin and Greek authors especially, are fond of a process of reasoning which enables them to show their acumen, and assists them in building up a system destined, perhaps, to be overthrown by the next generation of investigators. Language is of so Protean a character that the wise critic is always somewhat doubtful of the correctness of the results which he gets to by the analytical process. The historical method is the one which the searcher after truth should adopt when he can do so. Now we are so fortunate as to possess Ben Jonson's English Grammar, compiled certainly anterior to 1637, and probably giving us an aspect of the language as spoken at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In that Grammar we read as follows: "In some words it (the *h*) is written but sounded without power; as *host*, *honest*, *humble*; where the vowel is heard without the aspiration, as, *oast*, *onest*, *umble*." It is to be regretted that the learned Dean and his censors should have used too often trenchant language and positive assertion in treating philological questions, which, like questions of dogma, do not always admit of scientific determination. He seems to have forgotten that great mental faculties may exist in an individual remarkable for his scientific knowledge but strikingly incorrect in his language. His censors, on the other hand, do not seem to recollect that a man may be a very acute critic without being an elegant or even a correct writer.

THOMAS HARVEY.

Geneva, Aug. 30, 1864.

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£1,000 IN CASE OF DEATH, or an Allowance of 6s. per Week while laid-up by Injury caused by ACCIDENT OF ANY KIND, whether Walking, Riding, Driving, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, or at Home, may be secured by an Annual Payment of 3s. to the **RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, 64, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.**

More than 8,000 CLAIMS for COMPENSATION have been promptly and liberally paid.
For particulars apply to the Clerks at any of the Railway Stations, to the Local Agents, or to the Office of the Company, 64, Cornhill.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.
Railway Passengers' Assurance Company,
Empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 1840.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1809.
FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE BUSINESS of every description transacted at moderate rates.
The Duty paid by this Company in 1861 amounted to 60,772s.
The usual Commission allowed on ship and Foreign Insurances.
Insurers in this Company will receive the full benefit of the reduction in Duty.

CAPITAL, £2,000,000
ANNUAL INCOME, £242,253
ACCUMULATED FUNDS, £2,233,957
LONDON—HEAD OFFICES, 61, Threadneedle-street, E.C.
WEST-END OFFICE, 8, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
THREADNEEDLE-STREET, and
CRAIG'S-COURT, CHARING CROSS, LONDON.

The attention of persons desirous of making a provision for their Families by means of Life Assurance is directed to the paramount importance of resorting for that purpose to an Office of ESTABLISHED CREDIT.

Amongst the advantages offered by this old-established Society to persons effecting Assurances, are—
LOW RATES OF PREMIUM, especially for Young Lives,
PAYABLE ANNUALLY, HALF-YEARLY, OR QUARTERLY.

PARTICIPATION IN 80 PER CENT. OF THE PROFITS.

A BONUS EVERY FIVE YEARS, Payable in Cash, or applied in augmentation of the Sum Assured, or Reduction of the Premiums, at the option of the Policy-holder.

Policies effected before **MIDSUMMER, 1865,** will participate in the Profits of the next Division.
JAMES HARRIS, Actuary.

N.B. Proposals are now received and Assurances may be effected at the Office in Craig's-court as well as at the Chief Office in Threadneedle-street.

LONDON LIFE ASSOCIATION,
81, KING WILLIAM-STREET, E.C.
Instituted 1866.

President—JOHN BENJAMIN HEATH, Esq.
Vice-President—ALFRED HEAD, Esq.
Trustees—Francis Henry Mitchell, Esq. | D. Salomons, Esq. Ald. M.P.
Robert Hainbury, Esq. | George Frederick Pollock, Esq.

The London Life Association was established more than fifty years ago, on the principle of Mutual Assurance, the whole of the benefits being shared by the Members assured. The surplus is ascertained each year, and appropriated solely to a reduction of the premiums after seven yearly payments have been made.
If the present rate of reduction be maintained, persons now effecting Assurances will be entitled, after seven years, to a reduction of 74 1/2 per cent., whereby each £1. of annual premium will be reduced to 2s. 11d.

This Society has paid in claims more than £1,540,000
And has policies now in force amounting to £5,000,000
Its accumulated fund exceeds £3,840,000
And its gross income is upwards of £300,000
Of which income 140,000s. is returned to members in reduction of their premiums.
Assurances may be effected up to 10,000s. on the same life.
The Society has no agents and allows no commission, nevertheless the new assurances effected in the last year amounted to £62,000s., and the new annual premium to 16,745s.
EDWARD DUCKER, Secretary.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, LOMBARD-STREET
and CHANCERY CROSS.

Remission of one-half of the Duty on Stock, Machinery, Utensils, and Fixtures in Trade.
Insurances effected now will secure the full benefit of the reduced duty.
June 28, 1864. **GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.**

ARGUS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,
30, THOROMORTON-STREET, BARK.
Chairman—WILLIAM LEAF, Esq.

Richard E. Arden, Esq. | W. Lander Leat, Esq.
William H. Bodkin, Esq. | Saffery Wm. Johnson, Esq.
Rev. John Congreve. | Jeremiah Pilecher, Esq.
Professor Hall, M.A. | Lewis Pocock, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Jeaffreson, 5, Finsbury-square.

Surgeon—W. Coulson, Esq. 2, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry.
ADVANTAGES OF ASSURING WITH THIS COMPANY.
The Premiums are on the lowest scale consistent with security. The Assured are protected by an ample subscribed capital—an assurance fund of 530,000s., invested on mortgages, and in the Government Stocks—and an income of 85,000s. a year.

Age.	Premiums to Assure £100.			Whole Term.	
	One Year.	Seven Years.	With Profits.	Without Profits.	
20	£0 17 8	£0 19 9	£1 15 10	£1 11 10	
30	1 3	1 9 7	3 5 5	3 0 7	
40	1 5 0	1 6 9	3 0 7	2 14 0	
50	1 13 1	1 19 10	4 6 8	3 11 1	
60	3 3 4	3 17 0	6 13 9	6 0 9	

MUTUAL BRANCH.
Assurers on the Bonus system are entitled to participate in nine-tenths, or 90 per cent. out of the profits every five years. The profit assigned to each policy can be added to the sum assured, or applied in reduction of the annual premium, or be received in cash.

At the recent division a return of 20 per cent. in cash on the premiums paid was declared; this will allow a reversionary premium, varying, according to age, from 66 to 25 per cent. on the premium, or from 5 to 15 per cent. on the sum assured.
One-half of the "Whole Term" Premium may remain on credit for seven years, or one-third of the premium may remain on credit as a debt upon the Policy at 5 per cent., or may be paid off at any time without notice.
Claims paid one month after satisfactory proof of death.
Loans upon approved security.
No charge for Policy Stamps.
Medical Attendance paid for all reports.
Persons may, in time of peace, proceed to or reside in any part of Europe or British North America without extra charge.
No extra charge for the Militia, Volunteer Rifles, or Artillery Corps Home Service.
The Medical Officers attend every day, at a quarter before Ten o'clock.
GEORGE CLARK, Actuary.

CLOCKS, CANDELABRA, BRONZES, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON invites inspection of his Stock of these, displayed in two large Show-Rooms. Each article is of guaranteed quality, and some are objects of pure Virtù, the production of the first Manufacturers of Paris, from whom William S. Burton imports them direct:
CLOCKS—... from 7s. 6d. to 25l.
CANDELABRA—... 15s. 6d. to 16l. 10s. per pair.
BRONZES—... 18s. 6d. to 16l.
LAMPS, MODERATEUR—... 6s. 6d. to 10s.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER, by appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and to the CATHOLIC, Greek, and post paid. It contains upwards of 600 Illustrations of his limited Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-plate, Nickel Silver, and Britannia Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen-ranges, Lamps, Gasoliers, Trays, Urns and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bed-room Furniture, and a large assortment of French and Italian Goods. Twenty large Show-rooms, at 39, Oxford-st. W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-st.; 4, 5 and 6, Perry's-place; and 1, Newman-yard.

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DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, best manufacture, strongly plated.

DEANE'S—Dish Covers and Hot-water Dishes. Prices of Tin Dish Covers in sets, 12s., 30s., 40s., 65s., 75s.

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DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock Oil Lamps, a large and handsome assortment.

DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath-rooms fitted complete.

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DEANE'S—Gas Chandeliers, newly-designed patterns in glass and brass, from 10s. to 100s.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and PRICED FURNISHING LIST, GRATIS and POST FREE.

DEANE & CO., THE MONUMENT, LONDON-BRIDGE.

EVERY ONE HAS MARKED THE unpleasant, dirty appearance of a GLASS EYE, which can always be detected by the disagreeable expression on the physiognomy. But it is now known that M. BOISSONNET, M.D., Senior, Oculist to the French Army and Hospitals, No. 11, Rue de Moncaut, Paris, has invented a little *chapeau* in ENAMEL, which completely obviates the defects of the old artificial eye, and gives the expressive motion of visual organs. The injured Eye requires no previous operation; the new invention can be inserted without disturbing the patient; children even bear it without a murmur. M. Boissonnet will be with London (Symond's) Hotel, Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, on the 15th and 16th September. Any person desirous of communicating with him by correspondence is solicited to send the colour of the Eye required, and a Photograph of the face not coloured.

THRESHER'S COLOURED FLANNEL SHIRTS. Next door to Somerset House, Strand.

2280 AGENTS—Chemists, Confectioners, or Booksellers—SELL HORNIMAN'S PURE TEA, in Packets. It is choice and strong, moderate in price, and wholesome. These advantages secure for this Tea general preference.

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DENT, CHRONOMETER, WATCH and CLOCK MAKER to HER MAJESTY, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.M. the Emperor of Russia. Maker of the Great Clock for the Houses of Parliament.

SILVER. Guinea. Strong Silver Lever-Watch, 6 to 10 Do. superior, 6 to 10 Do. with very thick glass, 8 to 20 Silver Half-Chronometers, 35 Do. in Hunting Cases, 40

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Gold Geneva Watches from 7 Guineas upwards. Tact Watches for the Blind.

Two-day Marine Chronometers, 35 guineas. Every description of Keyless Watches and Repeaters in Silver Cases kept in stock; also a large assortment of Repeaters, Centre and Independent Seconds, Double-stroke Seconds, in Gold Cases, from 40 guineas upwards.

An elegant Assortment of Fine Gold Waistcoat and Guard Chains, from 3 to 35 guineas. Gold and Silver Pocket Chronometers, Astronomical Regulators, Turret, Church and Bracket Clocks of every description.

D. Dent & Co., 61, Strand, W.C. (adjoining Coutts's Bank); and at 34 and 35, Royal Exchange, E.C.; and also at the Turret Clock and Marine Compass Factory, Savoy-street, Strand.

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Estimates, Drawings and Prices sent free by post.

Replating and Gilding as usual.

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The lowest-priced CLARET in J. CAMPBELL'S extensive Stock of French Wines is the Vin de Bordeaux, at 20s. per dozen, bottles and cases included; although at such a moderate price it will be found an excellent Wine, and greatly improved by being in bottle two or three years. J. C. confidently recommends it to Clerical drinkers. Note.—The Clarets of the celebrated 1858 Vintage (bottled in March, 1861) are now in fine condition. Prices 36s., 42s., 48s. &c. per doz.—Remittances or Town references should be addressed JAMES CAMPBELL, 135, Regent-street.

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SUPERIOR GOLDEN SHERRY, at 30s. per dozen, of soft and full flavour, highly recommended.

Capital dinner Sherry, 34s. and 36s. per doz.

High-class Pale, Golden, and Brown 42s., 48s., 54s.

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Choice Old Port and "Vintage" Wines, 48s., 60s., 72s.

Fine Old Pale Cognac Brandy, 60s. and 72s.

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Dr. HASSALL, having subjected this Mustard to a rigorous microscopic examination and chemical analysis, reports that it contains the three essential properties of good Mustard, viz.—PURITY, PUNGENCY and DELICATE FLAVOUR.

See that each Package bears their Trade Mark, the "Prize Ox," and Dr. Hassall's Report.

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SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS' WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE.

This delicious condiment, pronounced by Connoisseurs "THE ONLY GOOD SAUCE,"

Is prepared solely by LEA & PERRINS.

The Public are respectfully cautioned against worthless imitations, and should see that Lea & Perrins' Names are on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stock.

ASK FOR LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

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CHOCOLAT-MENIER, (Manufactured only in France), the best Aliment for Breakfast since 1825.

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Also, Allen's Barrack Furniture. Catalogue of Officer's Bedsteads, Washhand Stand, Canteens, &c. post free.

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GLENFIELD PATENT STARCH, USED IN THE ROYAL LAUNDRY, AND AWARDED THE PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.

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Or "SOMMIER TUCKER," price from 25s.

Received the ONLY Prize Medal or Honourable Mention given to BEDDING of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862.—The Jury of Class 30, in their Report, page 6, No. 2905, and page 11, No. 2914, say—

"The Sommer Tucker is perfectly solid, very healthy, and moderate in price."

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To be obtained of most respectable Upholsterers and Bedding Warehousemen, or Wholesale of the Manufacturers, W.M. SMEE & SONS, Finsbury, London, E.C.

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The use of a steel spring is avoided; a soft bandage being worn round the body, the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive Circular may be had; the Truss which cannot fail to fit forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body, two inches below the hips, being sent.

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A sure Remedy is ANGUS SLEIGHT'S "SALVEO PEDES."

Sold by Chemists, Patent Medicine Vendors, and Perfumers, in half bottles, 1s. 6d. and bottles, 2s. 6d. each; wholesale of A. Sleight, 13, Little Britain, E.C.

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA has been, during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the Medical Profession and universally accepted by the Public, as the Best Remedy for acidity of the stomach, heartburn, headache, cough, and indigestion, and as a mild aperient for delicate persons, especially for Ladies and Children. It is prepared in a state of perfect purity and of uniform strength, by DINNEFORD & CO., 172, NEW BOND-STREET, London, and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the World.

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THESE WATERS, as now prepared at the MALVERN SPRINGS, are VERY SUPERIOR to those ordinarily sold.

Six Dozen Hampers carriage free, on application to

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WATERS' QUININE WINE, the most palatable and wholesome Tonic in existence; AN EFFICIENT TONIC.

An unequalled stomachic, and a gentle stimulant.

Sold by Grocers, Italian Warehousemen, and others, at 30s. a doz.

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WINE is a perfectly palatable form for administering this popular remedy for weak digestion.

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OF ALL THE ILLS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO. What is worse than Rheumatism? Let its victims use Dr. LANG'S ESSENTIAL SPIRIT OF MELISSUS.

To be had of Wholesale Medicine Vendors, and respectable Chemists, &c. throughout the Country, in Bottles, at 2s. 6d. each. Full directions for use on wrappers inclosing the Bottles.

GOUT or RHEUMATISM is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS. Obtained through any Chemist, at 1s. 12d. and 2s. 6d. per box.

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APERIENT PILLS.—These Pills are composed of the mildest Vegetable Aperients, with the pure extracts of the flowers of the Camomile, and combining aromatic and tonic properties, will be found the best remedy for Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick Headache, Acidity or Heartburn, Flatulency, Spasms, &c.

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INSTANT RELIEF OF COLDS, ASTHMA, and COUGHS is given by

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GOUNOD'S NEW OPERA: 'MIRELLA.'

From *The Times*, August 8.

"M. Gounod's 'Mirella' is slowly and surely making way. Built upon a subject rather lyrical than dramatic, its truth of expression is to be found in the music, which every additional hearing renders not only more familiar but more attractive. Such charming pastoral tunes—as brief as charming—have rarely been composed; so exquisite a musical idyll as rarely imagined and completed. 'Mirella' follows exactly the same principles as 'Faust'; and, though founded on a subject so different in all respects—as different as the purely idyllic can be from the purely dramatic—it is, in our opinion, quite as genuine, and, or we are much mistaken, will, in the long run, prove quite as successful."

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